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THE STRANGE DISCOVERY, A Trage-Comedie.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter *Caricles*, sometimes *Apolos* Priest at *Delphos* in the habit of a Pilgrim.

Caric.

What course shall aged *Caricles* now take
After his weary travells? shall I here
Resolve to lay my bones, and *Egypt* make
The finall period of my pilgrimage?
No, I must bid *Catadupice* adieu
So famous for the sluces of faire *Nile*,
And since the surfeit which I tooke of sorrow
For my deare daughters sad untimely death,
Is well digested in this breast of mine,
And change of aire hath wrought a change of mind;
I am resolv'd to stately *Greece* to wend
And breath my last breath where I breath'd my first,
'Tis so determin'd;——*Enter Nebulo his man.*
Honest *Nebulo*,
My man draw neare, I'm in a humour now
To change some words with thee;——so oftentimes——*aside.*
Wee see wise men for recreations sake,

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Consuls with Fooles, and honest men with Knaves. ——*aside*
What course doth thy fond brains advise me to?

Neb. To no other but to a home course Sir, I must tell you plainly, I like not these extravagant crosses you take of travelling the world thus; I'm sure I have paid deare for those idle humours of yours, which all my body, brought to a meere Anatomie by travell and fasting; me thinkes, a wise man, as you are, should not have such wandring thoughts in his mind: well Master, resolve to leave this place, and returne to *Delphos* our native habitation, or I shall soone resolve to leave you, and goe there without you. O the smoake of mine owne poore chimney at home, and the beloved smoke of my wife, would both smell to my nose now so comfortable, as a perfume made of *Arabia* spices; adiew, I can stay no longer from pretty *Nebutus* without the fault of her just displeasure; I come my chickin, I come, be ready to receive me, I know thou languishest all this while for want of my company.

Caric. Nay prethee stay a little longer and heare me; wilt thou leave me now at last, and frustrate the good opinion I have alwaies had of thy simple plainnesse and constant service? have patience awhile, and I will accompany thee in thy journey; as for thy wife *Nebulera* (if that trouble thee) I shall reclaime her in the truth of all thy actions. Who knockes there? goe see, and bring me word before you grant entrance. *Neb. Exit, & calls Nebulo.*
Who is it now?

Nebulo. A very decent fac'd Gentleman, so sooty as the Divell himselfe, I believe some Embassadour sent from *Pluto* and the fiends.

Caric. What e'r he be admit him.

Enter Sisimethrias, Legate of Aethiopia.

Sisimet. God save you reverend Father.

Caric. Welcome Sir,
Although I have not seene your face before
That I can well remember.

Sisimet. May be so
But I have seene you often in this towne
Walking the streets, and read the characters

Of

Of gravity and wisdome sphered in
Your aged face, wherein I thinke my judgement
Nothing deceives me; and I doe suppose
You are an aliene here as well as I,
No naturall *Egyptian*.

Caric. I confesse
I am a stranger borne, and should be glad
To know your name, your countrey and your business.

Sisimet. I shall obey you, for my country, first
Tis *Æthiopia* underneath the line,
My name *Sisimethres* imployed now
As Legate from my soveraigne King *Hydaspes*,
Unto the Deputy here, to forbid him
To meddle with the mines, out of which bowells
The *Smaragdi* digged were, which appertaine
To none but to the crowne of *Æthiopia*:
Now Sir you know me, be not scrupulous
To let me understand so much of you,
Something doth prompt me strangely, that you have
Some neer relation to the gods, or else
My Genius doth deceive me.

Caric. Understand then,
You doe not erre in your imagination,
I am a *Grecian* borne, and sometimes Priest
Unto *Apollo* in that sacred City
Of *Delphos*, which *Parnassus* lofty tops,
As with a wall, encompasseth about,
And sweet *Castalius* pleasant springs refresh,
There was I borne and bred, and exercis'd
The office I was call'd to by the gods.

Sisimet. Most venerable Priest, and holy Father,
Let me beseech you tell me what mischance
Drove you from thence to these remoter parts?

Caric. The great misfortune that I had at home.

Sisim. I wonder at it, pray relate the manner.

Caric. When you have heard my story to the end,
Your wonder will forsake you.

Sisimet. Then resolve me.

Caric. Upon your better knowledge and acquaintance
I shall, till when excuse me.
Sysim. I'll not presse you
Beyond good manners; Sir, I saw you buy
Some herbs and roots that grow in *India*
And *Æthiopia* for your use last day;
If so you please, I can produce you such
As ne'r were better.
Caric. Pray Sir let me see them,

Sysimethres take from under his arme a little bagge, and shewes Caricles precious stones in stead of roots.

You must for these, good Sir, seeke other chapmen,
The Margarits, the Smaragds, Hiacinths,
Are for a Princes use, and not for mine:
Each one alone is ransome for a King,
My whole estate cannot buy one of them.
Sysim. But though you cannot buy them, you can take them
(I trow) if freely given you, can you not?
Caric. 'Tis true, I can receive them, but I marvell
Why you should mocke me thus?
Sysim. I mocke you not
By all the Gods, but meane uprightly in't,
I will not onely give you these, but if
You will be pleas'd to take it at my hands
Bestow a richer gift, to which compar'd,
These are but drosse and rubbish.
Caric. Ha ha ha.
Sysim. Why laugh you Sir?
Caric. Is't not a matter which
Deserveth laughter, when you promise things
Of such a prise, and yet assure me more;
You cannot meane uprightly.
Sysim. Trust me, but I sweare
That you will use this gift as I shall teach you,
And I'll performe my promise of the other.
Nebul. Accept it Sir, if you be wise; 'tis not good, nor religious to refuse any mans courtesie.

 Caric. You

Caric. You tempt me shrewdly Sir.
Syfim. Let me prevaile,
And bind me still your servant.
Caric. You have won me
To what you would.
Syfim. Then take an oath, and sweare
To follow my directions, so confirme it.
Caric. By great *Apollo*, then whose Minister
I was at *Delphos*, I shall not digresse
From what you shall instruct me touching this.
Syfim. It is sufficient, and I build upon
Your faith, your trust and your religion;
Here fellow, take this bag, and keepe it for
Your honoured Master.
Nebul. But more honoured bag,
Would I might keepe thee for my selfe, I then
Should make an Idoll of thee ——————— *aside.*
Caric. What's your pleasure,
That I should doe in lieu of this reward?
Syfim. I cannot now acquaint you, for some reasons
Best knowne unto my selfe, give me your hand
To meet me without faile to morow morning
At *Isis* Temple, thence I shall conduct you
Unto my lodging, and in secret tell
The summe of my request.
Caric. I shall not faile you.
Syfim. Adieu, untill we meet——— *Exit Syfimethres.*
Caric. *Apollo* keepe thee
In his safe custodie. I marvell much
Whence this unlook'd for kindnesse should proceed,
I'll see the issue on't, what e'r betide me,
It may be that the gods have pre-ordain'd
I shall once more be happy, and in lieu
Of all my passed sorrowes, reape the fruit
Of long expected comfort, sure my mind
Is much illuminated with the thought
Of some good fortune, and refresh'd as if
The spirit of *Pitho* were infus'd into me

By heavenly inſpiration; I'll obey
My Genius, for oftentimes the gods by ſignes
Will have that mortalls underſtand their mindes. *Exit.*

Actus primi Scena ſecunda.

Enter Demeneta, and young Cnemon her ſonne in Law.

Demen. MY pretty boy, how doſt thou? where haſt thou beene ſo long abſent from my imbraces; come hither, let mee ſolace my ſelfe a little with thee, let mee kiſſe thee my ſweet heart, my heire, my owne life.

Cnem: Had ever any one a kinder ſtepmother——*aſide.* Mother, you make too much of mee, I am not able to deſerve your love in ſo high a ſtraine, my duty cannot countervaile it.

Demen. How prettily hee ſpeakes, I cannot chuſe but kiſſe thee for it.

Cnem. What a cloſe and hot kiſſe was that? I like not this behaviour, would I were delivered hence, pleaſe you give mee leave to goe about my exercſes?

Dem. What exercſes?

Cnem. My bookes and ſtudies at the Schoole, I ſhall be ſhent elſe by my Tutor.

Dem. Come, thou ſhalt not leave me.

Cnem. Will you have me prove a truant then?

Dem. No, but a ſtudent in a better art; haſt thou ever read *Ovid de arte amandi*, or *Ovids* amorous Epiſtles?

Cnem. Never.

Dem. O, I would have thee ſtudy that booke above all other, there are very good rules, and worth the obſervation truly, if thou erreſt in any thing therein written, I will be thy Miſtreſſe to inſtruct thee, follow my rudiments good ſonne.

Cnem. But I have heard 'tis a ribaldrous booke, and corrupteth youth to all wantonneſſe.

Dem. That is but a fantaſie, a mere untruth; it was made by the Poet for youthfull recreation and paſtime, none but Stoicall old men will invey againſt them, who envie that in others which they cannot enjoy in themſelves.

Cnem. I un-

Cnem. I understand not your Philosophie.

Demen. Would thou didst, and 'twere well entred in my bookes and science; but where is thy father and my husband *Aristippus*?

Enter Aristippus.

O, my deare husband, where have you lingred so long; you are too blame indeed to leave me so solitary, I must chide you for it, truly, had you tarried never so little longer, I should have died for sorrow.

Arist. My sweet wife *Demenea*, I have a jewell of thee, thy extreme love to me is confirmed in thy affection to my sonne *Cnemon*, vertuous woman.

Demen. I love him I must confesse, as well as if he were mine owne sonne, or better.

Arist. I know thou dost my love; never was a man happier in his choice, I thinke.

Demen. *Cnemon*, sit on my lap pretty boy.

Cnem. No, I know my duty better.

Demen. I will have it so; the very picture of his father.

Cnem. Pray mother excuse me, this is no fit place for me.

Demen. There is not a prettier or wittier boy in *Athens*, but 'tis no wonder, that old men beget alwaies the finest children, 'tis most commonly seene.

Arist. I know your vertue, and therefore will dispute with you a little upon this subject, and aske you this question: how could you, a young woman, affect me an old man?

Demen. How could I not Sir; your wisdome, staydnesse and understanding were such motives to my affection, as I would not change my old man for the youthfull'st cavalere of all *Greece*; I hope for all your age, to have a hopefull off-spring from you, such another as *Cnemon*, you can doe it i'faith, old *Aristippus*.

Arist. My girle, how thou dost revive my decayed spirits to heare thee talke thus! I will straine hard for this, but I will answer thy expectation.

Demen. Thankes sweet husband, let me hang upon your necke, pretty gravity, how well it becomes him, who could chuse but love such a man intirely; pox upon smooth faces,

and

and young lusty gallants, there's more trouble with them a be
when a gentlewoman would sleep and take her rest; they are a
wayes disturbing of her, when by a man of some yeeres and ex
perience we may lie as quiet as we will; would all wome
were of my opinion, we should cut the combes then of the
lustie gamesters.

Arist. Indeed young men are very inconstant in the
love, and changing from one unto another, whereas an ol
man perseveres to the end in his devotions.

Dem. True, true, my love, your words are oracles,
Were I now as I seeme, how should I wrong
Youth, beautie, nature, and rebell against them ——— *aside.*

Arist. My deerest love, though loth, I am inforc'd
To leave you for some houres, the state of *Athens*
Sent for me, to repaire unto the Senate
At ten a clocke about affaires of weight,
'Tis now about the time; farewell my sweetest.

Dem. You shall not goe, come, come, you doe not love me,
Else could you not be so unkind my deare,
To kill your loving wife with your departure.
I doubt I shall not live till your returne.

Arist. Come prethee, leave this off, and be assur'd
I will not stay two houres.

Dem. On that assurance
I doe dismisse you, but if you exceed
The time, you're like to find me turn'd a coarse;
Sticke to your promise.

Arist. I'll not faile you sweet. ——— *Exit Aristippus.*

Dem. Where goe you *Cnemon?*

Cnem. No where, but to waite
Upon my Father to the Senate-house,
And instantly returne.

Dem. See that you doe,
And you shall not repent it, *Exit Cnemon.*
I must gaine him
Unto my will by faire and gentle meanes,
By promises and gifts, by sweet allurements
And strong inticing words, by pleasing him

Wit

With what he likes best, and will make his friends
(I make no doubt) and bring me to his bed.
I burne for love of him and must be quench'd,
Old *Aristippus* I have fool'd and made
Believe I love him, but it is not so.
I have brought him to my owne lure so that
He stoops unto my beauty; now if I
Can but enjoy my *Cremont*, I am then
Mistris of my designe, and a chiefe Artist
In this sweet trade; let fooles burne in their fire
Of modest love, I'le on to my desire. *Exit.*

Actus primi, Scena tertia.

Enter Carichet, Sysmethres and Nebule.

Sysim. Pret hee honest friend
Shall I intreat thee to go forth and bid
The pretty girle without in the next roome
To come here to me.
Nebul. Yes sir that I shall,
I love to be imploy'd a messenger
To pretty mayds, is she so beautifull?
Sysim. O wondrous faire and beautifull.
Nebul. I'le then
Usher her safely in, and kisse her too.
Exit Nebule, interchanging kisses with Carichet.
Sysim. See here the second gift I meane to give you.
More pretious then the first, you told me sir
You had a daughter once, but rap'd by death.
Here is another for you, use her well.
Caric. I am amaz'd to see so rare a beauty,
Such an Angel-like creature.
Sysim. Cease your wonder;
The mother of this beautious girle which here
Standeth before us for a certaine cause
Which you shall learne hereafter, laid her forth
Clad in such weeds as commonly is us'd
For such a purpose, so committing her

To fortunes doubtfull chance, but I by hap
Finding her tooke her vp, for tis not lawfull
That we neglect a soule when once it hath
Entred a humane body, (being a precept
Amongst the wise men with us, to be whose
Unlearned scholler, I was once iudg'd worthy)
Besides even in the infants eyes appear'd,
Something which bred both wonder and delight.
With her I found this bag of precious stones
Which I gave you of late, and all the cloth
Wrought full with letters in her mother tongue,
Wherein contayned was her whole estate;
Her mother as I ghesse procur'd the same,
Which after I had read, I knew from whence
and what shee was, and therefore carryed her
Into the Land farre distant from the City
Delivering her to certaine honest shepheards
To bring her up, with charge that they should not
Reveale her unto any; for those things
That were found with her I detain'd with me,
Least for them she might suffer any danger,
And thus at first this matter was kept close.

Caric. But what befell her after pray goe one.

Neb. In processe then of time this princelie maid
Growing and as she grew encreasing still
More faire then any woman else besides
(For beautie fatalie cannot be concealed
Though under ground but would from thence appeare)
I fearing least her fortune should be knowne
And I brought unto danger, fain'd to be
Sent in embassage to the Depute
Of Egipt and obtained it, therefore come I
And bring her with me, full of zealous care
To set her busines right and in good order.

Caric. Leave that to me.

Nebul. But chiefly unto me,
I'le be her guardion too.

Caric. What will you have me doe concerning her?

Direct

Direct me, and i'le punctually obey your commands.

Sysim. As touching her, first I'le commend her to you,
(And to the gods who hitherto have kept her,)
On such condition as by oath you're bound
To see perform'd, that is that you will use her
As a free woman ought to be, and give her
In marriage to a free man, as you doe
Recevie her at my hand, or rather of
Her mother who hath left her to your charge.
I hope you will performe all things according
Unto your oath, and answer the opinion
I have of your good manners, which I finde
By some few dayes experience to be
Greekish indeed; this much I had to say
Before I executed my commission
Concerning my embassage, other secrets
Belonging to the maid, I'le tell you them
To morrow in more ample manner, if
You please to meet me about Isis temple.

Caric. Expect me there then; but I cannot brooke
So long a time to see the Virgin mask'd
In so obscure a manner.

Sysim. Now I cannot
Stay to discover what I know of her;
The Deputie of Egypt hath appointed
This day for hearing of me: farewell both. *Exit Sysim.*

Caric. Can you speake Greeke my pretty sweet heart, can you? *she smiles upon him but sales nothing.*
No, can you speake Egyptian? neither sweet?

Nebul. I'le undertake to teach her both the tongues
So I may be her tutor. *she frownes upon him.*

Caric. Nebulo
Thou seest I have another daughter now,
She shall be called faire *Caricles*
Deriv'd from *Caricles* which is my name.

Nebul. Would I had such a daughter too, she should not
Have then so course a name, all men should call her
The pretty *Nebuletta*; *Nebulo*,

Then *Nebulona*, then neate *Nebulitta*,
A sumptuous pedegree, how sweet it rimes!

Caric. Thy house would flourish then, were she thy daughter.

Nebul. Above the clouds, the gods would lodge themselves
Beneath my roofe, and powre downe plenty on me.
In golden showers to rest in *Danaes* lap.

Caric. What growne so high conceited *Nebulo*?

Nebul. Something inspir'd my braine, I know not what sir,
But now i'm come unto my selfe againe,
'Twas but a toy that tooke me.

Caric. I believe it,
Many such toyes doe take thee in the head:
Get me a maske, I must convey this damzell
Muffled home to my house.

Nebul. She need not be
Asham'd to shew her face, it may procure her
A husband by the way for ought you know:
You shall but wrong her much in doing so.

Caric. Sirrah away, dispute no more, but doe it.

Exit & redit with a maske, they muffle her.

Nebul. 'Tis pitty faith me thinkes to use her thus,
'Tis such a pretty thing.

Caric. Come you must goe
With me my daughter deare where you shall be
Us'd and respected as my native child:
When I have understood (harke *Nebulo*
Her's newes for thee) by good *Sycophres*
My daughters further state, we'll hye forthwith
To Greece and Delphos, and put on againe
My first religious habit; to your shrines
Ye gods we'll offer sanctified minds. *Exeunt.*

Actus primi, Scena quarta.

Enter Demeneta and Thisbe her mayd.

Demen. When sawest thou *Cnemon*, *Thisbe*?

This. Know you not
That *Pallas* high feast call'd Quinquatria
This

This day was celebrated here in *Arbeds*,
One with a ſhip by land, (as is the manner)
Was conſecrated, *Cnemon* was imployd,
Clad in his robes, and on his head a crowne,
To ſing the uſuall hymne due to her praiſe
I ſaw him buſie in the ceremonies.
Dem. Is this the day? by *Ieve* I knew it not,
Elſe had I beene ſpectator of the ſight;
Chiefly to ſee my *Cnemon* in his office,
Could I be angry with him, I ſhould chide him
For not acquainting me.
Thiſ. He did it neatly;
I would not for my maiden-head have miſs'd
So rare a ſight, not for ten maiden-heads.
Dem. Are all the rites and ceremonies done?
I faine would ſee yet the concluſion.
Thiſ. Miſtreſſe, tis to late; ſee *Cnemon* there
return'd in all his robes.

Enter Cnemon in his robes crowned, Demeneta runnes to him and takes him in her armes.

Dem. My young *Hippolitus*, and my deare *Theſeus*,
Welcome, O welcome to me.
Cnem. Heavens defend me
From this lewd *Phadra*——*aſide.* Mother what dee meane
To burne me thus with kiſſes?
Dem. Burthen thee
With bliſſes too I can, my pretty boy,
If thou wilt love thy mother.
Cnem. In what nature
Require you that? if as it ought to be,
That children love their Parents, I agree.
Dem. As *Venus* with *Anchiſes* ſported once
In *Ida* grove, ſo let mee ſport with thee;
Doſt underſtand me now?
Cnem. You are too bold,
Too impudent.
Dem. Nay, prethee doe not frowne,
This night I muſt enjoy thee, and thou me,

Thy fathers abſence doth invite us to it;
I will maintaine thee like a Princes ſonne,
Glittering in gold, and our ſweet furtive ſports
Keepe from the ſunne and knowledge of the gods,
No one ſhall know it.

Cnem. Hence inceſtuous woman,
Think'ſt thou to make me wrong my fathers bed,
And to commit an act ſo foule as inceſt?
Tempt me no more; by heaven, by earth and all
Th'immortall gods, I'le die a thouſand deaths
Ere thinke a thought on't, much leſſe yeeld unto it,
Your damned wit, nor quaint inticing words
Shall not prevaile, my hate exceeds my love.

Exit Cnemon in a rage.

Demen. Am I deſpiſed thus, and my hot love
Requited with diſdaine, as cold as ice,
By ſuch a youngling? he ſhall know the difference
Betweene a womans favours and her frownes,
And curſe too late his fooliſh modeſty:
Goe *Thisbe* to the Caſtle, tell my husband
I am not well, intreat him to come to me
With all the ſpeed he can.

Thiſ. I ſhall ſweet Miſtreſſe. *Exit Thisbe.*

Demenet a lies down upon the bed, faining her ſelfe ſicke.

Dem. What raging fires ſtill burne me? how I am
Divided in my ſelfe tweene love and hate,
two mighty paſſions combatting together?
Love would prevaile, if reaſon might be judge,
But love is too unreaſonably harſh:
Hate therefore execute thy proper function,
Enflame my breaſt with rage and high diſdaine
Againſt this brat that gave me the repulſe,
Inſpire my ſtudy in his Tragedie.

Enter Ariſtippus and Thisbe.

Ariſt. How fares my ſweet heart, that ſhe keepes her bed?

Dem. Deare husband, very ſicke and in ill caſe.

Ariſt. The gods forbid, that ſound doth ſtrike me dead;
What ailes my deareſt wife? tell me the cauſe

Of this your ſudden ſickneſſe.

Dem. Nothing Sir,
I know no cauſe at all.

Ariſt. Come, come, you muſt not
Conceale your griefe, but lay it open unto me,
I doe beſeech my love.

Dem. Since you are ſo
Importunate to know it, underſtand
The goodly young man, ſonne unto us both
(To you by nature, but to me by love)
Whom I (the gods know) held as deare unto me
As you, when he perceiv'd by certaine tokens
I was with child by you (which thing I kept
Hid from your knowledge till I knew my ſelfe
The certainty) and waiting for your abſence,
When I in wonted manner councell'd him
To leave his whores, and to avoid his cups
(Which things I knew he lov'd, but would not tell you,
Leſt I ſhould run into the ill ſuſpition
Of ſtepmother) whileſt I in gentle manner
Told him theſe things, I will not ſpeake the worſt,
Nor in what ſort he did revile us both,
But laſt of all, he ſpurn'd me on the belly,
Which hath procur'd this my diſeaſe and paine.

Ariſt. O villaine, I will ſcurge him even to death;
Thisbe, goe call him hither. *Exit Thisbe.*

Then preſently enters Cnemon, Ariſtippus falls preſently a buffetting of him without ſpeaking a word, then calls his ſervants and ſcurgeth him with rods.

Cnem. Deare father, I beſeech you let me know
The cauſe of this your anger and my ſtripes
So cruelly laid on mee.

Ariſt. Oh cleanly diſſembler,
Thou wouldſt indeed know thy owne fault from me.

Her beats him afreſh.

Cnem. Yet now at length, Sir, let me underſtand
What I have done, that thus provokes your wrath,
The gods doe know my innocence.

Ariſt. Baſe

Arist. Base wretch,
Thy innocence; would she belie thee thinkst thou,
That lov'd thee better than her selfe? away,
Get out of my sight, I will not heare thee speak, *Exit Cutman.*
My dearest *Demenera*, cheere your selfe,
Strive to forget the paine.

Dem. I'm in bad plight,
So that I doe not onely feare the life
Of that I goe with, but mine owne, besides,
These accidents are dangerous to women;
Yet, Sir, it griev'd me that you tooke so sharpe
A punishment of *Cutman*, for all this
I cannot chuse but love him.

Arist. That's thy vertue,
But banish him thy thoughts as I will doe,
Hence forth as most unworthy of our love;
Come sweet, you shall remove from hence into
A fitter roome, I'le send a Doctor to you. *Exit Aristippus.*

Dem. You doe mistake my pulse, whose veines doe swell
With rage and furie, and shall live in paine,
Untill I be reveng'd.

This. My Mistresse knowes
How to deceive old Dotards with false shewes. *Exeunt.*

Actus primi Scena quinta.

Enter Nebulo solus, frisking for joy.

Nebul. WEe shall fall downe the river *Nile* to night, and hoise saile for *Greece*, brave newes, comfortable newes, my heart capers within me for joy, that I shall see my countrey againe; my Master is sore troubled for blacke *Syfmethres* his constrained flight, which hath defeited their appointed meeting and conference touching *Curiclea* fortunes, but haste our journey the sooner, there's my comfort. I left him cursing the Deputy, and invoking the god *Apollos* wrath to plague him for dismissing the Embassadour so suddenly, with such deadly threatenings to depart the Kingdome. Alas, poore maid, I pity thee, that by this meanes thou shalt not be able to know

knowe who begot thee nor who brought thee forth, but all's one, thou wilt soone learne to be begotten, and to bring forth by instinct of nature and thy owne experience. Catadupice adiew adiew, adiew gentlemen; when you see us next, twill be in *Delphos*; away, away, away, merrylie, merrily.

Exit. Finis actus primi.

Actus secundi, Scena prima.

Enter Calasiris Isis priest at Memphis.

Am I the goodesse Isis priest, and burne
In these unlawfull fires? shall *Rhodopis*
With her *Venerious* charmes subdue my heart,
And make me breake that temperance of life
Which I have hitherto preserv'd unspotted?
What shall I doe? I cannot stand the push
Of these strong passions, yet I am resolv'd
Nere to commit the act, nor so to staine
My priesthood with dishonour; *Isis* temple
And secret places shall not be defil'd
By *Calasiris*, no i'le rather banniſh
My selfe from sight of curſed *Rodopis*,
Least staying here I should be forc'd to doe
So vile a deed; I am resolv'd to leave
This stately City *Memphis* suddenly,
I'le give it out, my iourney is for *Thebes*
To see my eldest sonne call'd *Thiamis*.
VVith this pretence I shall unquestion'd goe,
But there's a City sacred to *Apollo*
In *Greece* hight *Delphos*, there i'le bend my course
(For tis a Colledge where wise men resort
Free from the concourse of the common people)
To visit my old friend priest *Caricles*.
When whorish beautie and vaine pride display
Their gaudie colours, wise men shun the way. *Exit.*

Actus secundi, Scena secunda.

Enter Demeneta and Thisbe.

Dem. *Thisbe* my wench, thou must be secret unto all my commands.

This. As your owne heart could wish, as your trusty cabinet.

Dem. I am confident of thee; thou know'st how I lov'd that proud boy *Cnemon*, what proffers I made him, what favours I bestow'd upon him, and all to winne him to my imbraces, yet how scornfully and scurvily he refused me, with what disdaine he left me; I am now resolv'd no longer to sollicite my love but to execute my revenge; I have devis'd a dainty plot against him, which will take according as I would wish, follow thou my directions.

This. I will not digresse a haires breadth mistris.

Dem. Then thus I schoole thee, make a shew that thou lov'st *Cnemon* exceedingly, entice him to thee with beckes and amorous glances, he'll soone be caught with these baites, especially having heretofore long nibled upon thy beauty; frequent his bed often, be not asham'd, it shall be for thy great advancement, and whereas thou art now a bondmaid, thou shalt be made free forever.

This. I am your creature in all things, especially in matters of this nature.

Dem. When thou hast done this which I command thee, I will instruct thee farther.

Exit Demeneta. Manet Thisbe a little.

This. I waite your pleasure. I must give *Cnemon* good countenance, well, I must entice the young man, well, I must lie with him too, very well, faith these are no harsh commands, it shall never grieve me to be imployd in such worke, would my mistris had no harder labour for me, this is a taske of pleasure; I have a warrant now for what I shall doe; I durst not yeild to *Cnemon* before when he attempted me, now let him come with his stoutest artillery, I will stand the charge valiantly.

Enter Cnemon.

Cnem. Faire *Thisbe* are you here? why now I like you,

You

You ſmile upon me, and your countenance
Darts amorous glances which before caſt frownes,
Now you appeare like *Venus*,
Thiſ. Courteous *Cnemon*,
Although at firſt I did deny your ſuit,
Impute it not to want of love, but place
And oportunity, beſides the doubt
And danger which the action brings with it
If once diſcover'd, made me to commit
So groſſe an errour.
Cnem. Will you be reform'd
Upon mature counſell?
Thiſ. You ſhall ſee
I will not be refractory to ought
You ſhall adviſe me, I doe know your mind.
Cnem. Come with me then and learne to kiſſe and ſmile,
You know the backe way to my chamber ſweet.
Cnem. I do, and will attend you, there wee'l meet. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundi, Scena tertia.

Enter Caricles and Calaſiris.

Caric. Welcome to *Greece* my worthy friend and brother,
And in the fitteſt time, becauſe I ſhall
Need your aſſiſtance in the perfecting
A buſineſſe which concernes me, you are wiſe
And can perſwade, when reaſon is your theame.
Cala. What I can doe, our long acquaintance ſir
And brotherhood in travell and vocation,
VVils me to render it unto your ſervice;
VVherein can I be uſefull to my friend?
Caric. In this, you know laſt night I did relate
Caricles ſtory, how I did receive her
And brought her from your *Egypt* here to *Greece*,
where in a ſhort time ſhe hath learn'd our tongue,
And ſo farre paſſeth ſhe all other beauties
That ſhe attracteth all mens eyes to gaze
VVith admiration on her, as well ſtrangers

As *Greekes*, ſo that where e'r ſhe be converſant,
Either at home, or in the Temples, or
At publique exerciſes, all mens eyes
Are fix'd upon her with as great devotion
As if ſhe were the image of ſome goddeſſe
Lately created; that which grieves me, is
She loathes to heare of marriage, and reſolves
To live a maiden ſtill, and ſo becomming
Dianas ſervant, for the moſt part doth
Apply her ſelfe to hunting and to ſhooting;
I had a great deſire to marry her
Unto my ſiſters ſonne, a fine young man,
Well manner'd, and faire ſpoken; but I cannot,
Either by prayer or promiſe, or by force
Of argument perſwade her thereunto:
In this I crave your helpe, deare *Calaſiris*,
Uſe ſome point of your wiſedome to perſwade her
To know her nature, that ſhe is a woman,
And that ſhe would not ſo degenerate
From all thoſe of her ſex; this I beſeech you
To doe for great *Apollos* ſake, and all
Your countrey gods.

Calaſ. In this point, *Caricles*,
I'le doe my beſt indeavour. *Enter Nebulo.*

Nebul. Maſter, come
Away for ſhame, the captaine of the *Æuians*
Embaſſage ſtayeth for you at the gate
For to begin the ſacrifice.

Calaſ. Pray Sir,
What are thoſe *Æuians*? what their holy meſſage?
What ſacrifice make they?

Caric. They are the nobleſt
Of all *Theſſalia*, this ſame ſacrifice
They ſend to *Pirrhus*, ſtout *Achilles* ſonne,
Every fovrth yeere (at ſuch time as the feaſt
Agon is kept unto *Apollo* here)
For here was *Pirrhus* maſſacred before
Apollos altars by enrag'd *Oreſtes*,

This meſſage is more honourably done
Than any of the reſt, becauſe they ſay
The Captaine is ſprung from *Achilles* line.
Indeed, ſuch is the beauty of his perſon
And brave majeſticke carriage, as confirmes
He is ſome goddeſſe ſonne.

Calaſ. I faine would ſee him.

Caric. You ſhall, and his brave order'd ſacrifice,
Caricles too, my daughter, muſt be there
To day by cuſtome, at the funerall pompe
Of *Neoptolemus*, but you have ſeene her
Before.

Calaſ. Yes, and done ſacrifice together.

Caricles. Come, you muſt goe unto the Temple with us
To helpe me in this ceremonious worke.

Calaſ. Lead on, I'le follow, if I'm prompted right,
Strange things will happen after this rare fight *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundi Scena quarta.

Enter Cnemon and Thisbe.

Cnem. *Thisbe* my love, we muſt act cloſely, and with great circumſpection, leſt we be diſcovreed by the miſchievous *Demeneta*, who (as thou ſay'ſt) hates me more now than ſhe lov'd me before.

Thiſ. You talke ſimply *Cnemon*, if you count it a dangerous matter for me being a bond-maid, bought with money, to be taken a bed with you; what puniſhment thinke you her worthy, who is a free-woman, and lawfully married to a husband, yet playeth falſe, and beareth a man too many.

Cnem. I judge her worthy of death, but who is the perſon, prethee?

Thiſ. Your vertuous ſtepmother, my Miſtreſſe *Demeneta*, now you may be reveng'd upon her by diſcovering it to your father *Ariſtippus*.

Cnem. I can ſcarce believe it.

Thiſ. To confirme my report (if you pleaſe) I will deliver the adulterer unto you in the very act.

Cnem. You ſhall doe me a courteſie then.

This. VVith all my heart, not onely for your sake who h[as] been injured by her before, but for mine owne also, who, [in] that she hath me in jealousie, am used of her very extreamely wherefore if thou be a man apprehend him.

Cnem. Else let me die in scorne and infamie,
Ile kill them both, for ne're shall it be said,
That *Cnemon* knew his fathers bed defil'd
And durst not be reveng'd, assist my hand
Infernall furies, *Thisbe* lead the way
That I may doe the deed ere see the day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundi, Scena quinta.

Enter Aristippus and Demoneta.

Demon. 'Tis late 'ith night, sweet husband, let's to bed,
I cannot have too much of your imbraces,
The envious day will interrupt our sport,
Me thinks we married were but yesterday.

Aristip. Conceiv'st thou so, that doth proceed from love;
But I am old, and thou a sprightly lasse.

Demon. You wrong your selfe, you are a lusty man,
For were you old the dull effects of age
Would then appeare, but I have had experience
Of your performance, *Cnemon*, I believe,
Your sonne is not so active in his trade.

Aristip. If it be so, then sure the youthfull heat
Of thy faire body hath infused life
Into my withered vaines, more powerfull then
Medeas charmes, when she stir'd up fresh blood
In the decayed body of old *Æson*.

Enter Cnemon with his sword drawne followed by Thisbe, a candle carried before, he comes hastily to the bed.

Cnem. Where is the villaine, the most worthy lover
Of this chaste dame?

his father leapes out of the bed, and falls on his knees before him.

Aristip. My sonne, have pitty on thy fathers age,
Spaire his white haires, take not away his life
That gave thee thine, and brought thee up with care,

We

We doe confesse we wrong'd thee, yet the fault
Was not so great that it should merit death;
Asswage thy fury, and put up thy sword,
Imbrue not in thy fathers blood thy hands.

Cnemon in amaze lookes round about him for Thisby, who had conveyed her selfe away, and being thus astonished, his sword fell out of his hand, which Demeneta straightwaies tooke up.

Dem. Did I not tell you this before, sweet heart,
To looke unto this princoks pride and hate
Who would no doubt, if time had serv'd his turne,
Attempt some mischiefe to destroy us both.

Aristip. You told me so indeed, but I believ'd not;
Now I do finde it true, which to prevent
I'le raise my house and bind him fast, to morrow
I'le carry him before the people to
Be judg'd for his offence; let nature goe
In parents, when sonnes prove unnaturall so. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi, Scena sexta.

Enter Nebulo and Nebulona.

Nebulo. *Nebulona* my pretty chickin, how faires thy body? didst thou not thinke me lost long agoe?

Nebulona. I gave you for dead in good faith, and was in the humour once to marry another man?

Nebulo. Why sure thou wert not, thou dost but jest I know.

Nebulona. Truely I was, nor could you blame me for it if I had; is it not a torture, thinke you, for a woman, to stay seven yeeres without her husbands company?

Nebulo. Methinkes my browes begin *Actæon* like to bud already, they are very knotty, I pray God thou hast not graft something there, I begin to suspect it shrewdly by diverse signes and tokens, how comes your belly so high wife?

Nebulona. 'Tis nothing but a timpany I am sometimes troubled with.

Nebulo. I do believe thee, how long is it since you perceiv'd it to grow upon you?

Nebulona. About two moneths since, the Doctor tells me I

shall

shal be free of it very speedily.

Nebulo. He is a foole, I am a better Doctor then he, thou shalt goe with it this foureteene weekes yet or thereabouts; come you are a whore, and have abus'd my honest bed; Ile have you before the Justices to be punish'd for thy offence.

Nebulona. Spare me prethee gentle *Nebulo*, and hearken to my counsell a little, since thou art a cuckold (as I doe not deny it) choose whether thou wilt weare the hornes in thy forehead, and so all men see them, or put them into thy pocket, and no man see them, I leave it to thy owne discretion.

Nebulo. Why then I am a cuckold it seemes?

Nebulona. I cannot say against it truely, and speake the truth, if I should, this marke of thy fortune here deepely stamped would bewray me, be not so fooliſh now as *Vulcan* was, to make a proclamation of thy forked order.

Nebulo. Did *Vulcan* do so?

Nebulo. Yes, but afterwards he repented it for he forg'd an artificiall net, with which he caught his wife *Venus* and *Mars* a bed together in carnall copulation, then called all the gods and goddesses to be spectators of his owne shame.

Nebul. But what said they when they saw it?

Nebulona. They commended *Mars*, but condemned *Vulcan* for being the publisher of his owne disgrace.

Nebul. But twas a shame for *Mars* to be caught so.

Nebulona. The gods wish'd every one of them if that were a shame to be shamed in the same manner.

Nebulo. but how did *Venus* take this?

Nebulona. In scorne of the smith, and in revenge of this trick hath made his head as hard as his anvile.

Nebulo. Thou hast devis'd a pretty story in thy owne defence, i'st best to follow thy counsell, and say nothing, or stirre this bad thing and make it stinke the more?

Nebulona. You may do what you please, but I have told you the best course.

Nebulo. Let it be so then; I have travelled well I trow, and to good purpose, at my returne home to father a child, of which I did not beget so much as the least finger or the least toe; if this be the fruits of travelling, God keepe me from it hence-

hence forward, and all good fellowes besides; come *Nebulona* we are friends, do so no more, and all is forgotten.

Nebulon. Not, if you stay at home and warme my bed,
But if you leave me, then have at your head. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi, Scena septima.

Enter the sacrifice to the tombe of Pirrhus *in the manner of a Hecatombe led in by the Thessalians, who had each of them a white garment knit about them, these were entertayned by so many virgins of Thessalia standing in a ring with their haire loose about their eares; the maydes were divided into two companies, those who were in the first carryed flowers and fruite, the other carried in backets other fine knackes and perfumes, at the sound of musicke and a song made fit and agreeable to the musicke, they danced, the song was made in praise of* Thetis.

The Song.

O Nereus *god in surging seas,*
we praise thy * *daughter deare,* * Thetis.
Whom Peleus *at commandement*
of Jove *did make his pheere:*
Thou art the goddesse we adore
in Sea a glimpsing starre,
Who stout Achilles *didst bring forth*
a very Mars *in warre,*
And Captaine good unto the Greekes,
thy glory scales the skies;
To thee did thy red-headed wife
cause Pirrhus *rough to rise,*
The Trojans utter overthrow,
but stay to Greekish hoste,
Be thou good Pirrhus *unto us*
a favourable ghoste,
Who here in grave intombed liest
in Phœbus *sacred ground,*
Bow downe thy eare to th' holy hymnes
that we to thee do sound,

And this our City suffer not
in any feare to be,
Of thee and Thetis is our song,
Thetis *all haile to thee.*

The song ended, enters Theagines Captaine of the Thessalians, very richly apparelled, followed by many gallants, who guarding him as he went, at last encompassed him round about; the maides overcome with the beauty of Theagines could not moderate their passions but began to cast flowers and fruit upon him, with that enters Cariclea most sumptuously attired according to the manner, her haire was wither all bound up, nor all loose, but the most part thereof that grew behind, hanged over her shoulders; that which grew from the crowne of her head downe to her forehead, being of a yellow colour, was crowned with a garland of young Laurell; in her left hand shee bare a guilded Bow and a Quiver of arrowes hanged on her right shoulder, and in her other hand she bare a taper burning: after the young men had gone three times about Neoptolemus sepulture in their bravery, the women cryed out pittifully, & the men made a strange noise, with that Theagines speakes to Carieles.

Theag. Most sacred Priest of this high Deity
We make request unto you to begin
This sacrifice to *Neoptolemus.*
Caric. The sacrifice indeed belongs to me,
But you sir, as the Captaine of this charge,
And sacred message, ought to take the taper
Of her there, who of all those ceremonies
Is president, and burne the alter of;
This is the order and our Countrey fashion.

Theagines takes the taper with a great deale of reverence from the hand of Cariclea, and sets fire to the Alter, but first he was in a maze at the exceeding beauty of Cariclea, and she as much taken with his, then they both smiled a little and blush'd and then became pale againe: in conclusion he fell in love with her, and she with him.

Theag. So burnes my heart as doth this Alter here,

The

The taper that did set my heart a fire
Was faire *Caricleas* beauty. *aside.*
Caricl. How my soule
Could sacrifice to faire *Theagines*. *aside.*
Caricles. Great god of *Delphos* in whose sacred temple
We celebrate these funerall obsequies
Of great *Achilles* sonne, vouchsafe to send
A happy ômen which may crowne this worke
Of our devotion offered at thy Altar.

The Oracle speakes touching *Theagines* and *Caricles*.

Ye men of Delphos *sing of her,*
and her rare beauties praise,
Who now in grace begins to grow,
but fame shall end her daies,
Who leaving these my temples here,
and sailing surging streames
Shall come at length to contries scorch'd
with Phœbus *burning beames,*
Where they as recompences due
that vertues rare doe gaine
In time to come ere it be long
White miters shall obtaine.

After this answer of the god *Apolle*, the pompe is broken up, and *Exeunt*.

Actus secundi, Scena octava.

Enter the iudges and people of Athens, then Aristippus And Demeneta with Cnemon bound.

1 *Iudg. Cnemon* stand forth, who doth accuse him here?
Aristippus steps forth, and strewing ashes on his head, saith
Arist. I brought not up my sonne, ye men of *Athens*
To see him come unto this end, but rather
To be a staffe to stay my age upon;
As soone as he was borne his education
Was good and civill, when he did attaine

To riper yeeres, I ſet him to our ſchooles
And Academies there to ſtudy arts,
And Mathematicke ſciences, beſides,
According to the lawes of this our City,
Made him free deniſon, yet notwithſtanding
He hath not onely caſt behind his backe
Theſe favours of my love, but diverſely
Both injur'd me, and beaten this good woman,
Who by our lawes is now my ſecond wife;
And not content herewith, one night he came
Unto us with a drawne ſword in his hand–
(When we in bed ſuſpected no ſuch thing)
In mind to kill us both, and was no farther
From being a paracide but that by chance
His ſword by ſudden feare fell out his hand,
Which *Demeneta* my good wife tooke up:
Therefore I flee to you moſt learned Judges,
And though I might by law of this our Senate
Slay him with my owne hands, yet I appeale
Unto your juſtice, and commit my cauſe
To your grave cenſures, counting it more fit
To puniſh this my ſonne by publike lawe
Then private bloodſhed.

With that Ariſtippus weepes, Demeneta faining teares alſo.

Denser. *Cnemon*, I me ſorry for thee pretty boy,
In an ill hower wert thou brought to the world;
Unhappy creature.

Cnem. Grave and learned ſenate
Vouchſafe to heare me ſpeake.

2 *Iudg.* We will not heare thee,
But anſwer to this queſtion we propound,
Came you unto your father with a ſword
Drawne in your hand, or no?

Cnem. I not deny
But I came with a drawne ſword in my hand,
But I will tell you how, pleaſe you to heare me.

3 *Iudg.* He hath confeſſ'd ynough, he ought not ſpeake more for himſelfe.

1 *Iudg.* Let us proceed to sentence.
2 *Iudg.* I judge him worthy to be ston'd to death.
3 *Iudg.* I to be hang'd.
4 *Iudg.* This is my sentence, fathers,
hat he be cast headlong into the dungeon.
Cnem. O cruell stepmother, and most unkind,
or thy curs'd sake am I so ill intreated
gainst all equity and justice too,
hou kil'st me contrary to course of Law.
1. *Iudg.* Your sentence is too hard and too severe,
et him not die, but be for ever banish'd.
2 *Iudg.* Let him be ston'd.
3. *Iudg.* Nay hang'd.
4. *Iudg.* nay cast into
he dungeon.
1. *Iudg.* since we differ conscript fathers,
n our opinions, I doe thinke it fit
t be referr'd unto the peoples voyces.
2. *Iudg.* I doe assent unto it.
3 *Iudg.* So do I.
4. *Iudg.* And I.
1. *Iudg.* Then people give your voices, shall young *Cnemon*
ie or be banish'd!
The people. banish'd, banish'd, banish'd.
1. *Iudg.* Then *Cnemon*, this must be thy punishment,
rpetuall exile from thy native land
ever to be revok'd, which if infring'd
y thy presumption, then expect to have
o mercie from the senate, but a grave.
eake up the Court. *Exeunt,*

Actus secundi, Scena nona.

Enter Caricles, and Calasiris.

Carie. Saw you my onely joy, and the sole honour
f *Delphos*, faire *Caricles* my daughter?
Calas. This was not sir the first time that I saw her
often as the people made resort

Unto the temple I was present with her,
And more, we have done sacrifice together,
And when she doubted any point depending,
On divine matters, or on humane learning,
She would have me instruct her in the truth.

Caric. How did you like her at the sacrifice?
Did she set forth that brave sight any thing?

Calasiris. You aske me a strang question *Caricles*,
As if you doubted, whether the bright moone,
Did passe the lesser starres.

Caric. The people praisd
Theagnes the young Thessalian captaine,
Attributing the second place to him.

Calasires. Yea, and the third too, but they all acknowledge
your daughter carryed it away, and was
The verie eye of the solemnitie.

Caric. Come will you goe with me to visite her
I doubt the concourse of so great a troope
Hath preiudic'd her rest.

Calasir. though my affaires
Call me another way, yet il'e dispence
With them how great so ever and important
To waite on you and her *exeunt*

Actus secundi, Scena decima.

Enter Cariclea love sicke, she lyeth upon her bed

Cariclea. O cruell power of love! why dost thou triumph
In lovers restles paines? what glorie can
Be added to thy deitie in seeking
The overthrow of thy poore libertie?
Take here this tribute of my teares, these sighes,
Sent from a gentle heart, convaye them hence
That they may meet *Theagnes*, and flow
With his as from one fountaine, from one head.

To her enters Caricles and Calasiris, Caricles embraceth her

Caric. What ailes my sweet, my deare *Carilea*,
Tell me my daughter.

Caricles

Carcilea. Nothing but my head
Doth ake a little, and I faine would sleepe.
Caricles faines her selfe asleepe.
Caric. What should this meane good *Calasiris* thinke you,
VVhat disease hath she tane?
Calasir. You need not marvell
At this, for I believe some envious eye
Hath over look'd her.
Caric. I must laugh at this,
Then you beleive as commonlie men doe,
That there is witch craft.
Calasiris. Yes as I beleive
That any thing is true, and for this cause,
The emptie aire that is about us round
On everie side, entring in by our eyes,
Our mouth, our eares, our nostrills, all our pores,
Carrying such outward qualities with it
As tis indew'd with, doth ingraffe a like
Infection in the man who hath receiv'd it,
As when a man hath enviously beheld
Something that's excellent, for then th'aire
Is filled with that pestilentious qualitie,
VVhich entreth into that is next at hand,
This same aire being a slender subtle thing
Pierceth even to the bones and very marrow,
And by that cause hath envie been the meanes
Of that disease, which by a proper name
VVe call bewitching.
Caric. Your wise reasons beare
Some probility I must confesse.
Cala. Consider *Caricles* how many have
Gotten the plague, although they never touch'd
Nor saw, nor eate, nor lay with the diseas'd,
But being with them in the selfesame aire,
Let love be arguments and proofe of this,
VVho taketh its beginning from the object
Of what it sees, and so as it is there
Some privy passage by the eyes hath entrance

Into

Into the heart, and this is probable,
For seeing of all other pores and fences
The sight is capable of most mutations,
And so the hottest it must needs receive
Such like infections as are round about it,
And with a hot spirit entertaine loves changes,
As for examples sake, I will produce
Out of the holie bookes some reasons for it
Gathered from natures sole consideration;
You know the bird Charadrius doth heale
Those persons whose disease is the kings evill,
Which bird doth flie away assoone as any
Diseased with this griefe hath spied her,
And turnes her taile to him, and shuttes her eyes
Not (as some say) because she would not help them
But that by looking on them she by nature
Drawes that disease unto her, therefore wisely
Declineth such a sight as present perill,

Caric. You have discuss'd this doubt right sagelie Sir,
I would my daughter once might feele and finde
What love doth meane, I would not then conceive
That she were sick, but in her perfect health,
But nothing lesse then this is to be thought
Hath happened to her, who contemnes all love,
But rather seemes to be bewitch'd indeed;
Deere *Calasiris* for our friendships sake
Shew some point of your wisedome to dissolve
This witchcraft, and if possible to bring her
Into a good opinion of my nephew.

Enter Nebulo with a bastinado in his hand.

Nebulo. Sirs what dee meane to make such tarriance? *Thagines* hath made such a feast, and all the good cheere will be eaten before you come, for shame come away, there are none of the ghestes wanting but you who are the principall, if you will be such fooles to misse it, you may, but i'le not follow your foolish example.

Calasiris. This fellow calls us rather to a battle
Then to a banket.

Caricle.

Caric. Tis his rustickе manner;
Ow what a lofty fellow *Bacchus* is
When he is well wash'd but come let us goe
Least with his cudgell honest *Nebulo*
Doe drive us forward.
Nebulo. Well sirs you may jest,
But I meane earnest if I misse the feast.
Exeunt. Finis actus secundi:

Actus tertii, Scena prima.

Enter Aristippus solus in a melancholy humour.

Aristip. How have I plai'd the foole and rob'd my selfe
In hastie passion of my onelie sonne;
Repentance when it comes too late doth argue
An inconsiderate iudgment; O my *Cnemon*
Would thou hadst kill'd me ere I banish'd thee,
For death is better sure then banishment,
Nere shall I see my boy, well for this fault
I will do penance, penance on my selfe;
Athens adiew and all the Citie pleasures
Forsake me quite; my solitarie manour
Farre in the countrey where no people comes
Shall be my habitation day and night
Where I will eate my heart out. *Exit Aristippus.*

Enter Demeneta and Thisbe.

Demen. Oh my *Cnemon*,
My prettie boy, more deere then my owne life,
How I lament thy chance and my mishap.
This. Comfort your selfe deere mistris I beseech you.
Demen. Peace foole, my griefe is more then can be cur'd
By any words of comfort, no man knowes
What a sharpe corsive it was to my heart,
More fervent is my love now he is absent.
This. Fie, fie, forget him, thinke upon his pride
And high disdaine against you, thinke he doth
Deserve this punishment and greater too.

Demen. How readie thou art *Thisbe* to doe mischiefe,
Thou art the fire brand that hast kindled this
Combustion in my heart, thou hast not beene
A helpe unto me, but a hinderance
In the fruition of my love, by thee
And by thy meanes I have lost my onely joy,
And yet for all this thou dost still incense me
To run on in this way; most wicked wretch.

This. Well I perceive your mind, she thinkes to make me
Support the fury of her franticke fits,
But I shall overreach you sure in wit,
And lay the saddle on the right horse backe, *aside.*
Why do you thus accuse your trusty servant?
You know I did but what I was commanded,
Nor ere did any thing without your warrant,
If this thing happen'd not as you would have it,
Ascribe it not to any fault in me,
But rather, as you justly may, to fortune;
If you will have me yet devise some way
To remedy your present griefe and sorrow,
You shall perceive how ready my good will
Shall be at your commands.

Demen. What remedy
Can possibly be found, since he that can
Ease me, and none but he, is separated
At such a distance from me? and besides
Th'unhop'd for lenity of those which gave
Sentence against him hath destroyd my hopes.
I would he had suffered death, for then in me
Had quenched beene the flames of burning love.
Hope that is past removes griefe from the heart,
And when despaire possesseth troubled minds
They intermit all sorrow building on
Th'impossibility of their enjoying;
But as it is methinkes I see and heare
Cremon complayning of my cruelty,
And how by unjust guiles I did ensnare him;
Sometimes me thinks he comes to me as if

I should enjoy him, otherwhiles I bend
My course to him where ere he lives remote;
These things enflame me, these things make me mad,
But O ye gods, I have as I deserve;
Why did I not with good will seeke to win him
Rather then by deceit and craft compell him?
Why did I not most humbly sue unto him
Rather then wrong him like an enemy?
It may be at the first he did deny me
For maiden modesty, and feare to foule
His fathers sheets, but had I persever'd
Unto the end, he might have beene allur'd
To condescend by faire meanes to my will;
But O my *Thisbe* tell me, tell me quickly
What remedy is that thou wouldst devise
For me and saist is easie?

This. Mistris this:
All men suppose that *Cremon* is departed
The towne of *Athens* and the territory
As he was judg'd to doe, but I know well
(Who have search'd all things meerely for your sake)
That he remaines here still in secret manner
With one *Arsinoe* whom I thinke you know,
Shee playes well on the Virginals, with her
He lyeth every night, for this faire maid
Won with his love, and pitying his distresse
Receiv'd him in, and promiseth as soone
As all things are provided for her journey,
To goe away with him.

Demen. O happy wench,
Happy *Arsinoe* is thy destiny,
Though banishment or death with such a partner;
But what doe these thinges ought aduantage me?

This. Much, i'le pretend I am in love with *Cremon*,
And will desire for old acquaintance sake,
Arsinoe would be pleas'd to suffer me
In stead of her to lie with him one night,
Which if I can obtaine, it shall be yours,

You shall enjoy him in *Arsinoes* head,
And ile provide before he go to bed
He shall have wine sufficient, least our plot
Should be discover'd; if you have your wish,
Rest then contented to give o're your love,
For in most natures it is easily seene
That such love whose beginning's violent
After the first experiment decayes
And waxeth cold, but graunt it burne a fresh
Within your bosome (which ye gods forbid)
Tis but to make a new voiage, & seeke out
A new way to atchieve it.

Demen. I approve,
And praise thy rare invention deerest *Thisbe*;
Faile not to put this plot in execution,
And I shall well reward thee.

This. Feare it not,
I crave but three dayes to bring this about.

Demen. Tis granted; if thy wit can worke my pleasure,
How I shall love my *Thisbe* beyond measure! *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena secunda.

Enter the banquet, after Theag. Caric. & Calasi. with attendance.

Theag. Welcome my honoured friends, and holy fathers
To my poore Table here, please you to sit
And eate of what the gods have sent us.

Caric. Sir,
Superabundant are your cates and dainties,
Faire *Cleopatra* that luxurious Queene
Might revell here, and be contented too,
We that are Priests use no such dainty fare
Whose lives are squar'd by rules of temperance.

Theag. We will not cause you breake those rules, nor swerve
From your religious order, but sometimes
A little Wine will much enflame your zeale
To holy duties, reverend *Caristes*
I must begin to you. *drinkes to him.*

Caric.

Caric. *Theagines,* I think remorse your thinke
Theagines on a sudden falls into musing, sighes, and weepeth his countenance sometimes red, sometimes pale, and gapes withall, as if he were not well.
What meaneth this variety? I thinke
Some envious eye hath look'd upon him too,
Methinkes *Caricles* and *Theagenes*
Haave one disease. —— *softly to* Calasires.
Calas. By *Isis* that they have
One and the same disease, thus it appeares:
Since he next to your daughter was the faireſt
Of all the shew at that brave sacrifice.
Theagenes begins to recollect himself.
Theag. Sirs, pardon my stupidity and dulneſſe,
A little fit of passion did possesse me,
But now tis past, here worthy *Calasiris,*
I drinke a health to the faire president
Of our late funerall pomp.
Calas. Excuse me Sir,
I drinke no healths, yet thanke your courteous proffer.
Theag. Refuse *Caricles* health?
Caricles. Sir, be not angry,
This man ne'r drinketh wine, nor eats the flesh
Of any living thing.
Theag. That's strange, how comes it?
Caricles. He's an *Ægyptian,* borne at holy *Memphis,*
And *Isis* Priest, whose custome is t'abstaine
From wine and flesh as things unlawfull.
Theag. Then
Bring me some water, wise and reverend man,
Pardon my ignorance which knew it not;
Now Sir to you in your owne element,
And let this table make a lasting league
Of amity betweene us.
Calas. Let it be so,
Worthy *Theagenes,* for I doe much
Desire that combination.
Theag. Ere you goe

Please you to see a dance in armour, call'd
Pyrricha, which we use in *Thessalie*.

Caricles. What pleaseth you doth please us.

Theag. Sound musicke then.

The Thessalian youths with Theagenes *their Captaine, dance Pyrricha in armour, with a gracefull dexterity, which ended, the Priests take their leaves, and bid* Theagenes *adieu.*

Caricles. Thanks for our worthy entertainment Sir.

Theagenes *embraceth* Calasiris *very often, and at parting whispereth him something in the eare.*——*Exeunt all.*

Actus tertii Scena tertia.

Enter Calasiris solus.

Calas. 'Twas not a dreame or such like fantasie,
As oftentimes invades and creepes into
The mindes of men, when *Morpheus* shuts their eyes,
That tooke me last night napping in my bed:
No, twas no dreame, but a true apparition.
I saw *Apollo*, and *Diana* both
Appeare before me, and with them they brought
Theagenes and faire *Cariclea*,
Apollo gave me him, *Diana* her,
With this command, goe take these young folkes with thee,
And haste thee home unto thy native countrey,
Tis time, for so the Destinies command,
Love them as if they were thy naturall children,
And when thou comst to *Egypt*, leade them further,
Where it shall please us gods to give direction;
With that they vanish'd, and a token gave
That it was not a dreame, or a false vision:
Immortall powers, your hests I will obey,
If you vouchsafe to point me out the way. *one knockes.*
Who's there?

Theag. 'Tis I, *Theagenes* your friend.

Calas. *Theagenes*, the brave *Thessalian* Captaine,
Most welcome Sir, what businesse was of force
To make you stirre so earely?

Theag. Reve-

Theag. Reverend Father,
A ſtirring one which keepes my thoughts awake,
And baniſheth ſweet ſlumber from mine eyes,
Hath made me breake your morning meditations,
And though I ſuffer beyond thought of man,
Yet bluſh I to reveale my griefe for ſhame.

Calaſ. Come, come, I know your griefe, although you are
Aſham'd to tell it me, I know it well,
For nothing from my wiſedome can be hid,
And from the knowledge of the gods my ſon. (*propheſie.*
Calaſiris *caſteth ſome accounts upon his finger, as if he would*
Young man, thou art in love, nay, ſtart not backe,
Thou art in love with faire *Cariclea.*
Theagines *embraceth him about the necke.*

Theag. Thy propheſie is true, I am in love
With faire *Cariclea*, ſave me learned man;
For without helpe I cannot live a day,
So much this miſchiefe workes upon my heart;
I never till now knew the effects of love,
Nor ere ſaw woman that I thought deſerv'd
To be beloved, before *Cariclea's* beauty
Made me a ſlave to *Cupids* cruelty.

Calaſ. Weepe not *Theagines*, be of good cheere;
For ſince you have recourſe to me for helpe,
My wiſedome ſhall prevaile above her ſtrength,
Although ſhee be perverſe, and eaſily
Will not be drawne to love, I'le try all meanes
For your ſake whom I love, and uſe all art
I can to breake her nature, be but bold,
And doe as I ſhall ſhew you.

Theag. With my ſoule,
And if you doe this, I am yours, and all
I have at your command. ——— *one knockes.*

Calaſ. Who's there, be gone
Theagines, to morrow morne I'le meet you
In great *Apolles* Temple and talke more. ——*Exit Theagines.*
Enter Nebulo.
O, is it you Sir *Nebulo*, what newes

Bringſt

Bringst thou I prethee?

Neb. What doe take me for, a newes Carrier? I would you should know it, I am none such, I have not to doe with other mens businesse nor their wives, I would they had not to doe with mine, but tis no matter for once, there is promised a reformation, I hope all will be amended, let it passe; but to the point now.

Calas. I, to the point *Nebulo* by all meanes.

Neb. And then to the businesse afterward.

Caricles. Why, didst thou not meane the businesse when thou mention'dst the point? is it not all one in the sense? I conceive it so, else thou art more learned than I am.

Neb. No, tis not all one, the point is one thing, and the busines another, we must first handle the point, before we come to the businesse; for your better understanding, I will make it plainer.

Calas. Thou art a very learned Doctor sure, in matters of this nature.

Neb. I hope so, yet my wife hath gone beyond me I'le beswome, by many degrees.

Calas. But *Nebulo*, prethee what wouldst thou have with me? how doth thy Master, and my good friend *Caricles*?

Neb. In health, but doggedly out of tune, hee will be with you presently, so much he bid me tell you, and something else, but I have forgotten it, so much businesse I have to thinke of.

Enter Caricles.

Calas. My deareſt friend and brother, welcome to me,
Why doe you looke with such a sullen cheere?
Methinks you're very sad and melancholy.

Caricles. I am indeed, and I have reason for it.
I come to crave your counsell what to doe,
But first depart and leave us *Nebulo*.

Neb. Wherefore I pray? well, there will be a sweet counsell now I am excluded, I should be loth to change heads with either of them for all my hornes. ——— *Exit Nebulo.*

Caricles. My daughter, Sir, since yesterday, the race
Was run in armour twixt *Theagenes*
And stout *Ormenes*, hath beene wondrous sicke,
And the last night did never sleepe one winke.

Calas. Who

Calasiris. Who won the garland Sir?

Caric. Theagines,

Caricles as the custome is did hold
The prize, and he receiv'd it at her hand,
She still growes worse and worse, deare *Calasiris,*
Imploy your skill and wisedome to restore her,
I know tis easie for you if you please
To heale her, who, you say, is but bewitch'd,
For I believe tis not impossible
For holie Priestes to bring to passe strange things.

Calas. Let's goe then if you please unto the maid,
And by recommendation strive to make
Me more familiarlie acquainted with her,
That she the bolder may sustaine my cure.

Caric. Content, *Apollo* graunt a good successe
Unto thy worke, and Æsculapius. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena quarta.

Enter Arisippus and Thisbe.

This. Master I doube not but my sudden comming
Appeareth strange as being unexpected,
The cause whereof I will relate unto you
Without more circumstance, or vaine preambles;
I come here to accuse my selfe unto you;
And to receive such punishment as your
Discretion shall thinke fit for my offence;
By me sir you have partly lost your sonne,
I doe confesse I was an accessary,
Though much against my will; when I perceiv'd
My mistris liv'd not well, but wrong'd your bed,
Not onely provident to shun the danger
Might light upon my selfe for keeping counsell
(If it should come to light by any other)
But chiefly sorrowfull for your mishaps,
Who should in recompence of all your kindnesse
Vnto your wife, reape such disgrace from her;
I came one night to my yoong master Theagenes,
(My selfe not daring to acquaint you with it)

And told him there was one who us'd to play
The lecher with my mistris, he enrag'd,
Thinking that then they were in bed together,
Tooke suddenly his sword into his hand,
And notwithstanding that I told them then
They were not at their sport, he would not heare me,
But thinking that I had repented of
Bewraying it, ran like a mad man forth
Unto your bed-side with intent to kill
Th'adulterer, what followed sir you know:
Now to confirme that this I say is true,
If so you please, this night ile shew your wife
My mistris *Demenete* with her friend
A bed together in a neighbours house
Without the City.

Anstip. If thou canst doe this,
Ile make thee free, and pardon all thy faults,
For I suppose I should revive againe
So I reveng'd were on my enemy;
I had such a suspition in my head
That she was false, but kept it to my selfe,
Because I wanted cleere proofes to convince her,
But what must I doe *Thisbe*, tell me wench?

This. You know the garden where the monument
Of Epicures doth stand, there come a little
Before the night and stay for me, adiew. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena quinta.

Enter Arfinoe and Thisbe.

Arf. My old acquaintance welcome, welcome *Thisbe*.

This. Thanks good *Arfinoe*, will you teach me now
A lesson on the Virginals?

Arf. You jeere me,
I faine would learne of you but pre'thee tell me
What businesse brought thee hither?

This. I will tell thee,
You know *Feledamus* the Gallimore—

Arf. Yes.

This. We too must daunce *la volta* here to night,
Let's have a chamber and a bed made ready
Sweet sister, for I've promis'd him this night
He shall come first, and I will follow after,
Assoone as I to bed have brought my mistris.

Ars. All things shall be according to thy wish,
My better halfe.

This. But when he comes I pray you
Be out the way, for he is very shame-fac'd
As being a novice in this art.

Ars. Is he
Not entred yet?

This. Not yet I can assure yee,
His flower is yet to spend and strength of youth.

Ars. That flower thou soone wilt crop, and waste the seed.

This. In time I may, at night expect me sister.

Ars. Ile waite you home.

This. If this my plot doe hit
Nere was the like devis'd by womans wit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Demeneta, and Thisbe againe with a candle.

Thisbe. Come mistris, let me make you unreadie instantlie, all that I promised you is done. I will goe fetch young *Cnemon* unto you who is making merrie here by, and returne suddenlie, lye downe, take your pleasure and say nothing. *Exit Thisbe.*

Enter Thisbe followed by Aristippus.

This. Bind the adulterer fast master.

With that she ran to the doore and made it give so great a crash as she could, crying out in this manner:

O wonderfull thing, the villaine is fled, take heed sir that you be not againe deceived.

Arist. Peace be of good cheere, I have this wicked and mischievous woman which I most defired.
O thou much hated of the gods, I have thee
And all thy shame about thee, come thou shalt
With me unto the City, to receive
What punishment the lawes allot to such
As live unchast, and wrong their husbands bed,
Which is no lesse then death.

Aristippus dragges her along, but she pulling herselfe out of the old mans hands, fell suddenlie of purpose into a pit made in the stage, and so ended her life.

Aristip. See *Thisbe*, is she dead?

Thisb. Oh yes, her necke
Is broaken sir.

Aristip. Then hath thy punishment
Prevented what the law should have inflicted;
Ile to the people and declare this matter,
And with my friends consult what meanes to use
For to call home my sonne from banishment,
Whose truth and innocence doth open lie
By this unheard of strange discovery. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena sexta.

Enter Cariclea, she lieth downe upon the bed indispos'd, her kinsfolks weeping about her, then enter Caricles and Calasiris.

Caric. My child, my daughter deare, tell me thy father
The cause of thy disease, have a good heart,
This wise man *Calasirus* is requested
By me to finde some remedy to cure thee,
And he can well performe it as a man
Of heavenly knowledge, and a sacred priest.
My most endeered friend, you shall doe well
To suffer him to exercise his art
And holy spels for your recovery,
For I perceive thou art ore-look'd my child.

Caric. Sir tis my duty to obey your will
In all things you command me.

Calas. Then depart
Deare *Caricles*, and all the rest avoyd
The roome, we must be private here together,
Fetch me a little Laurell and a stoole
Having three feet, some fire and frankincense,
And let no man disturbe us till I call.
It shall be done forthwith, heavens crowne your worke.
Exeunt all but Cariclea, and Calasiris.

Calasiris

Calasirus begins to burne frankincense, to mumble with his lips, to lay lawrell upon her from top to toe, to gape & make strange gestures, while Cariclea, wagged her head oft and smiled.

Caric. Father you are deceived in my griefe,
You cannot gheſſe at it for all your art.

Calaſ. Nay daughter ſay not ſo, but cheere your ſelfe,
For what doth vex you is a malady
Common, and eaſie to be cur'd by me;
Thou wert o're-look'd not onely at the pompe
Of *Pirrhus* funerall rites, but at the race
In armour too when you were overſeer,
And gave the prize unto the conquerour;
Theagenes was he that ove-look'd you,
Whoſe wanton eye was alwaies fixt upon
Your ſplendant beauty obje& of his ſight.

Caric. Whether he daign'd to looke on me or no
Apollo have him in his cuſtody;
But whence is he, and what's his pedegree?

Calaſ. He's a Theſſalian borne, and as you hear'd
Deſcended from *Achilles*, who although
He have bewitch'd you with an envious eye,
He ſuffers more than you by the reflex
Of your Sun-burning eyes upon his heart.

Caric. Wh[illegible] you wrongfully accuſe the man
Of witchcraft, who hath done no harme at all,
There's no ſuch matter; tis ſome other ſickneſſe.

Calaſ. Then tell me daughter, and conceale it not
If you deſire to find a remedy,
I am no ſtranger to you but your friend,
and old acquaintance of your loving father,
I am of your profeſſion too, a prieſt,
I'le keepe your counſell, and be bound by oath
To helpe you what I can; all griefes are cur'd
In the beginning, but if left alone
At length they grow incurable; declare
Your minde at full.

Caric. I love *Theagines*.

Calaſirus. I knew ſo much before, he loves you too,

Ile be your faithfull friend and true assistant.

Enter Caricles, with Aceſtinus a skilfull phyſitian.

Caric. Deere friend what have you done? what newes have
You to tell me that is good?

Calaſir. All ſhall be well
Caricles ſhall be heal'd to morrow morne
Of her infirmitie, I now will leave you
To proſecute my buſines for her health.

Caric. Adiew deere friend, the gods reward thy paine.
Heere *Aceſtinus*, lies the ſicklie patient *Exit Calaſirus.*
You are well read in phyſicke, feele her pulſe
And give your wiſe opinion.

Aceſtin. faireſt maid
Where doth your paine lie moſt?

She turn'd her face from him, and repeated with a loud voice this verſe of Homer,

Achilles is the braveſt man of all the Greekiſh rout.

Aceſt. Her ſtate of heart I finde Prieſt *Caricles*,
My labour is in vaine, no phyſicke can
Reſtore her to her health.

Caric. The gods forbid,
Why ſay you ſo, muſt my deare daughter die
Without all hope of her recovery?

Aceſt. Peace make not ſuch adoe, but here I ſpeake. *He drawes*
Our art ſir, doth extend no further then *Caricles aſide.*
To cure diſtempered bodies, if the mind
Diſeaſed be without the bodies ſickneſſe,
We have no helpe for that, the maids diſeaſe
Lies in the mind, her bodie's in good ſtate,
No humours doe abound there, no headach,
No fever burnes her, all is free within.

Caric. What then ſhould be the cauſe of theſe her fits,
Utter what you perceive doth trouble her,
I doe beſeech you, ſkilfull *Aceſtinus*.

Aceſtin. Tis love doth trouble her, which who knowes not,
Is an affection and griefe of the heart,
Doe you not ſee her eyes ſwolne in her head
Rouling one every ſide, her viſage pale,

Her

Her halfe distraction, how she vttereth
What ere comes in her minde, and sleepes but little;
In briefe I doe perceive that she hath lost
The moisture of her body, and indeed
Just amplitude thereof, my counsell is
You finde her out a man and that with speed. *Exit Acestimus.*
Caric. A man, heavens grant she be enclin'd that way,
Then *Calasiris* hath plaid well his part;
How fares my daughter now, what sickneſſe hast thou?
Shall I send for more Doctors yet?
Caric. Tis needleſſe,
Send none to me but *Calasiris* onely,
He hath the art to eaſe me, and none elſe.
Caric. Ile send him to thee, sleepe *Cariclea*,
Untill he come: if Alcamenes love
Poſſeſſe her heart, thanks to the gods above. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena septima.

Enter at one doore Theagines, at another Calasiris.

Theag. My worthy friend moſt opportunely met.
Calasi. What, beautifull *Theagines!*
Theag. How can he
Be beautifull that pleaſeth not *Cariclea?*
Calasir. No more, you make me angrie thus to doubt
My skill by which she is entrap'd in love,
And longs to see you.
Theag. What is that you say?
Doth faire *Cariclea* wish to see me father?
Why doe you then detaine me here, and not
Conduct me to her? *Theagines offers to run forth, Calasiris*
Calas. Nay sir stay a while, *catcheth him by the cloake,*
Though you are very nimble of your feet, *and holds him fast.*
You muſt not thinke this matter muſt be handled
As if it were a prize for every man
That liſt to get it, take my counsell firſt;
Know you not that her father *Carictes*
Is the chiefe man in *Delphos*? that the lawes
Give preſent death to ſuch as finde a maid.

Without

Without their friends consent? be wise my sonne.
Theag. The matter were not great although I dy'd
After I had enjoyed *Cariclea*,
Death for her sake is life, but *Calasiris*
If you thinke good, let us demand her of
Old *Caricles* her father for my wife,
I doe suppose my blood is high ynough
To be commixt with his.
Calas. We shall not speed,
Not that he thinkes you any way unworthy,
But 'cause she's promis'd to his sisters sonne
By him in marriage.
Theag. O ye gods above,
It cannot be, nor shall it by your leaves,
Theagenes, and none but he shall wed
Cariclea, who ere presumes to touch
My goddesse but my selfe, shall sure repent it,
This hand is not benum'd, nor this sword blunt
But it can take revenge.
Calas. It shall not need,
Theagines be patient, be but rul'd
By me, and we will bring all things to passe
According to your wish; now leave me here
Alone to project on your good, be carefull
You be not seene oft-times to talke with me,
But when you come, come private and alone
To shun suspition.
Theag. Farewell reverend Father. *Exit Theagenes.*

Enter Caricles.

So efficacious is your wisdome sir,
So forceable our friendship, as it hath wrought
That effect I wish'd upon my daughter,
Caricles is in love and quite subdu'd
By strong affection, who before was stubborne
Unto so sweet a yoake.
Calas. I knew my charmes
Were of sufficient force to doe the feate,
But can you tell aswell what man she loves

As that she is in love?

Caric. No by *Apollo*,
Would *Alcamenes* were the man she lov'd
My sisters sonne, I have indeavour'd it
All that I can to make her fancy him.

Calaf. Tis best you bring him to her, and so try
The aime of her affection, mutuall sight
Of lovers kindleth sparkes which else would die
Rak'd up in ashes of forgetfulnesse.

Caric. Ile take your counsell.

Calaf. And returne with newes
How you have sped.

Caric. Ile give you a relation. *Exit Caricles.*

Calaf. I must convey them hence, this taske is laid
Upon me by the gods, but where I know not.
The Oracle is mysticall and darke,
I cannot well interpret what it meanes,
We must begin our voyage by sea it seemes,
As may be gathered by the Oracle
Where it is said, and sayling surging streames
Shall come at length to countries scorch'd
with Phœbus *burning beames*,
If I could by any meanes get the Fascia now, which was laid out with *Caricles*, wherein *Caricles* said he heard all the maids estate was notified, I should be instructed more particularly what I ought to doe, and whether the Ladies of destiny would send us. *Enter Caricles.*
Now brother what successe?

Caric. Oh wofull newes,
My daughter seemes distracted, such a strange
Infirmity doth seise her, when I brought
My nephew *Alcamenes* to her sight
Freshly apparel'd, as if *Gorgons* head
Appear'd, or some more fearefull thing, she cri'd
With a loud voice, and turn'd her countenance
From him and me, withall she put her hand
Unto her throat, threatning to kill her selfe
And bound it with an oth, if we departed

Not ſuddenlie the chamber, which we did
In Leſſe time then ſhe ſpake it, leaſt ſhe ſhould
Put that in execution which ſhe ſaid,
Now *Calaſiris* once againe I come
Moſt humbly to beſeech you that you will not
Suffer the maid to doth, nor her ſelfe
Be fruſtrate of his purpoſe.

Calaſiris, Caricles, now

Tis true your daughter is diſtracted in mind,
For ſhe is moved with the maddeſt
Which I have burthen'd her with,
They are not of the leaſt but ſuch as ſhould
Force her to doe what ſhe abhorred moſt
Aſwell by nature as decorum of minde.
But I ſuppoſe ſome god has a hand in
To hinder this deſigne and ſtrive to
My miniſters, therefore, to
And time you ſhew me
You ſaid was found with
Amongſt her coſtlie
Leaſt that it be
With ſuch things as doe

Caric. Tis probable; it may be ſo indeed.
Come goe with me, and I will ſhew you all
What in the Faſcia is contain'd and written,
I underſtand it not, character'd,
Is Æthiopian, and the
Not common, but ſuch as the
Of Ægypt in their holie
Calaſ. I underſtand the Æthiopian tongue,
Which unto thee

Actus

Actus quarti, Scena prima.

Enter Calasiris, Theagines, and Scene holds.

Calas. Come let's away my children, let's away,
Why do we linger here, the gods command
Man to be obeyd, all things are ready fit
Our secret flight, a ship for *Memphis* bound
Waites us without, the wind comes gently from
Th'adjoyning shore, and all hayes set with the sailes
With pride all goes it bankes, for here the *Fascia*,
Which by a slie device I from *Cariclea*
I have obtain'd, nothing doth hinder us
To meet this long wish'd opportunity,
Ye have got your jewels, let us go well,
From your supposed father.

Caris. Calasiris
I have them all, but how got you I pray
The Fascia from old *Caricles*, for when
He had receiv'd me from *Sysimethres*,
Who brought me up he brought me hither to *Greece*
I know not how, and tooke the Fascia from me,
Which in a chest he did preserve and keepe.

Calas. How I came by it you shall know hereafter,
But can you tell me what it doth containe?

Caric. How should I so being never told by any?
Besides although I oftentimes had seene it,
I could not understand the character,
Pray sir, interpret what it doth containe.

Calas. It doth declare your parents and your Country,
And all your fortunes, thus I read it to you
Verbatim as it stands, give you attention.

The Fascia.

Persina *Queene of the Æthiopians to her daughter, onely conceived by what name soever she shall be called, greeting.*

My daughter, the summe being narrowly observed of your stocke, it is manifest that for no mis-deed, I have sent you forth, but contended with fortune

thy father Hydaspes sight, yet I would have my selfe excused to thee, if thou happen to live, and to him that shall finde thee if the gods procure any, and therefore I declare the cause of thy exposition, after king Hydaspes had beene married to meere secret, and we had never a child, we happened one time to rest us after dinner in a gallerie where hung rare pictures and images, amongst which were those of Perseus and Andromeda portrayed as when he first redeem'd her from the rocke, at this time your father lay with me, swearing that by a dreame he was commanded so to doe, and I by and by perceived my selfe to be with child: but thou wert borne white which colour is strange among the Æthiopians. I knew the reason, because I looked stedfastlie upon the picture of Andromeda naked, and by that meanes, conceived a thing like to her, yet I determined to rid my selfe of shamefull death (counting it certaine that thy colour would procure me to be accused of adulterie, and that none would believe me when I told them the cause) and to commit thee to the unstablenes of fortune, which is a great deale rather to be wished for then present death, or to be called a bastards: and telling my husband that thou wert straight dead, I have privilie layd thee forth with the greatest riches that I had for a reward to him that shall finde thee and take thee up: above all things remember that thou seeke among thy jewels for a certaine ring, which thy father gave me when we were first made sure, in the hoope whereof is a princelie posie, the stone is a Pantarbe of secret vertue, consecrated in the place where it is set. The gods preserve thee my dearest daughter, and grant us a happy meeting.

Theag. A strange but blest discoverie hast thou made
Of faire *Caricleas* royall pedegree
(Right reverend father) which before lay buried
Deepe in the obscure vault of ignorance.
Now princelie virgin raise thy glorious head
Above the clouds, and give thy conquering beautie
Command to pull the thunderer from his seate
To serve thee here on earth or in *Olympus*
Where thou shalt please to dwell and rest not here,
Let *Mars* be fetter'd, *Mercurie* a slave,
And bright *Apollo* dazled with the sight

Of

Of beames more ſplendant then his owne, fall downe
And worſhip thy appearance, offering thee
His throne to ſit upon.
Calaſ. Theagines,
Fie, be not ſuch a vaine Idolater
The gods may plague you for it.
Theagines. plague me for
Adoring queene *Caricles* deity?
They are unjuſt then, for themſelves commit
The ſame Idolatry aſwell as I.
Calaſ. That's but your ſuperſtitious jealouſie.
Thinke you the gods will rivall you, or love
A mortall Virgin? fie 'tis blaſphemy.
Theag. They have done ſo, or elſe the Poets lie,
Witneſſe *Europa* bull, and *Leda* ſwans
Faire *Danaes* ſhower, and *Daphnes* transformation;
If their poore beauties had that operation
To worke ſuch ſtrange effects in heavenly powers,
How much more force, nay violence thinke you
Hath hers, to whoſe compard, theirs are like glaſſe
To ſparkling diamonds.
Caric. My deareſt friend,
Forbeare theſe candid raptures of your wit,
Nor my deſert, and enter into thought
Of what concernes us moſt.
Theag. Agreed my goddeſſe.
Calaſ. No more diſpute then, but forthwith to ſea.
Delphos adiew, the fates call us away. *Exeunt*.

Actus quarti, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Arſace and her old bawd Cibile.

Arſa. So ſweet a man as thy deſcription makes him?
Cib. Nothing inferiour Madame, but beyond it;
His body is a Temple ſtately built,
Where *Venus* comes and offers turtle doves
To gaine his liking.
Arſa. Such a majeſty
Accompanying that ſweetneſſe too?

Cib. Aſſ
They wedded were together, hand in hand
Walking in ſo delectable a manſion.
Arſa. So active and broad ſhoulder'd as thou ſaiſt,
So tall and portly?
Cib. Every way provided
To ſatisfie your pleaſure.
Arſa. Thou haſt kindled
A fire within me; but what Countrey owned
This wonder of a man? when landed he
At *Memphis* there? who brought him, canſt thou tell?
Cib. He came with *Calaſyris* from ſome parts
Of *Greece*, as I am given to underſtand,
And landed here laſt night.
Arſa. Where doth he lodge?
Cib. In *Calaſyris* houſe without the Temple.
Arſa. Thou muſt deviſe ſome way to bring him to me,
And lodge him in our palace, for I have
An itching humour to enjoy the man.
Cib. Let me alone, I am your Ingineer
To worke your pleaſure.
Arſa. But who is the maid
Thou ſaiſt did beare him company, and was
So neere his boſome?
Cib. I ſuppoſe ſhe is
His ſiſter or his wife.
Arſa. Is ſhe faire as he?
Cib. I never ſaw one fairer, ſuch a beauty
As would have made *Iove* ſtoope, and ſhaken off
His Eagles borrowed ſhape, to force a kiſſe
From her Nectarious hands.
Arſa. Thou mak'ſt me jealous
With praiſes of my rivall.
Cib. Let not that
Trouble your thoughts, he cannot be ſo foolish,
That when ſo great a happineſſe ſhall be
Offer'd unto him as the love and liking
Of faire *Arſace Oroondates* wife,

Egypts

Egypts great Deputy, but not greatly,
Kneele downe, and worship such a change ladyes.
Arsa. If thou canst bring, deare nurse, this thing to passe,
Thou shalt at once cure two diseases in me,
Fell love and jealousie.
Cib. I doubt it not;
What mad man but will be content to change
His Brasse for Gold, his Copper for rich pearle?
Both which he shall enjoy, enjoying you.
Arsa. O what a sugred time have I to use
My sweet disports now that the Deputy
My husband is imployed in the warre
Against *Hydaspes* King of *Aethiopia*
About the Smaragd mines, pray heaven they end not
Before my pleasures period.
Cib. Never feare it.
You shall have time enough to bee in blisse.
Arsa. See *Cibile* who knocks there. *one knocks.*
Cib. Calasiris
And the faire partie.
Arsa. Heavens! conduct them in.
Enter Calasiris, Theagines and Caricles.
Calas. All haile unto the Palace of my Prince,
Madame it may seem strange unto your Highnesse
That I presume to bring these strangers with me
To kisse your Princely hands, I make no doubt
But when you shall be well informed of
Their birth and breeding, it will plead my pardon.
Arsa. What need this complement? you're welcome sir,
So are your friends, when did you ever know me
Unkind to strangers, or inhospitable
To such as these, whose outward lookes declare
Their inward minds, and speake their noble parts?
So elegant a grace and stately beauty,
As shineth in their countenances can not
Proceed but from some Princely pedegree,
Pray sir speake whence you are?
Theag. Most beautious Lady,

Please

Please you to understand, we are of *Greece*,
Descended of a Noble family,
Which ne're produced yet unworthy branches,
Let it suffice (I doe beseech your Grace)
We open it no further; we have beene
Rob'd on the sea by pyrates, but redeem'd
By Noble *Calasiris*, and brought here
To *Memphis* stately City.

Arsa. Is this Lady
Your sister, or your wife?

Theag. My sister Madame,
Tost equally with me by fortunes blasts.

Arsa. but now those stormes are past, and you are in
A quiet harbour: pleasant calmes appeare.
Sir, I must rob you of your guests.

Cala. I durst not
Deny you Madame, though I must confesse
I should to any other.

Arsa. Cibile,
Prepare their lodging neere our owne, and let
No costly furniture be wanting there,

Cib. It shall be done with speed.

Arsa. My noble guests,
I know not if you would retire alone
Into your private chambers, travell doth
Require repose, please you to follow me,
Ile be your glad conductor.

Caric. O I feare
This kindnesse is some love plot on my deare. *Exeunt*

Actus quarti, Scena tertia.

Enter Thisbe sola.

This. What fly evasion to put off thy guilt
Is left thee now poore *Thisbe*? what device
To shun the severe justice of the Law?
All will be now discover'd, and my plots
Returne upon my selfe, the heavens are just
In sending *Cnemon* home from banishment

To

To punish me in cheering of himselfe,
Canst thou behold his face, or speake one word
In thy defence, when he stands forth t'accuse thee
Before the people? O what shame, what curses
Breath'd from a generall mouth will weigh thee downe
Even to *Avernus* gulph; I feele the weight
Of my offences poised in the scale
Of sad despaire; O thou incendiary
Of all this mischiefe, saith my guilty thoughts,
Thou murtheresse of thy mistris, hie thee hence
To the infernall shades, where never light
Appeares, but gloomy darkenesse covers all
Under her sable mantle, there finde out
Medea, Clitemnestra, Pasiphe,
Long since condemn'd for murther to this place,
Companions of thy shame; why lingrest thou
Upon the earth? is not thy sinne compleat,
And ripe for hell? yes, yes, I know it is,
I know it is, my sad despairing thoughts,
Ile follow your suggestions, gentle violl
Reserv'd for such a use, this kisse from thee
Shall crosse the sentence of the Lawes decree. *She drinks poyson.*

Enter Aristippus and Cnemon.

Arist. Hold, hold thy hand, drinke not the poison downe,
Thou desperate woman.

This. Not to gaine a crowne,
Tis done, and past prevention.

Arist. Thisbe yet
Make thy confession, and subscribe thy hand,
That innocent *Cnemon* die not.

This. Write it then. *Cnemon writes.*
I *Thisbe* doe confesse yong *Cnemon* was
Un justly banish'd, I and *Demeneta*
Did forge that plot against him, for the which
We have our condigne punishment.

Cnem. Tis done, now put your hand to't *She signes it.*
Dying *Thisbe.* *She dies.*

Arist. Sonne tis ynough to cleare thee of all things

Can be objected; I'le forthwith declare
This matter to the people, and produce
Thisbes confession, strengthned with her hand,
Come with me *Cnemon*.
Cnem. See the wretched state
Of false accusers, and their poysonous fate. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scena quarta.

Enter Theagines and Cariclea, to them presentlie Cibile.

Cibile. My children great *Arsace* recommends
Her love unto you, who hath sent me here
To serve you in all things that you command,
I'm proud to be imployed in your service
Who am a *Grecian* too, and borne in *Lesbos:*
Most beautifull yong man cheere up thy selfe,
I bring thee joyfull newes. *Arsace* loves thee,
Arsace she whose favour kings have kneel'd for,
Doth kneele to thee petitioning thy love
With rich oblations both of pearle and gold.
Caric. O heavens, my prophetie is too too true,
My iealousie foresaw this.
Theag. Tell *Arsace*
My sister and my selfe both kisse her hands
And doe returne her humble thanks for all
Her noble favours, but that she doth love me
I thinke it strange, whose husband is a man
So farre beyond my ranke as put in ballance
With worthles me, it would not brooke the triall.
We know you are her hands, her eyes, her eares,
Her minde, her all, for countries sake perswade her
(I doe beseech you) to remove her thoughts
Upon some worthier person; all that we
Desire is onely this, that she would please
To send us backe againe to *Calasiris*,
And never bring strange banish'd, restlesse lives
Unto so high and excellent a fortune.
Cib. My sonne be rul'd by me, be not so foolish
To shun this happinesse that courts thee now,

Imbrace

Imbrace it, least hereafter thou repent
Thy over-sight; thou shalt have rule and riches,
Dalliance, and all the fruits of flourishing youth,
If thou but condescend unto her will;
But if thou dost deny, know that she hath
A high and Princely stomack, which nere brooks,
Affronts of such a nature.

Theag. Tempt me not,
But tell your mistris I despise her lust
As much as prize her love, you shall oblige us
Unto you in a bond of love and kindnesse
To get us leave from her hence to depart
To seeke our fortunes.

Cib. Obstinate young man,
That wilt not see thy good, Lady perswade
Your brother to some reason, you may hap
To worke upon his nature, and prevaile;
I leave you to your selves. *Exit Cibile.*

Caric. Theagines,
This is no honest dealing, I perceive;
Was it for this she sent us from her table
Such curious viands, and such costly cates?
Was it for this she did adorne our chambers
With stately hangings wrought with sundry colours,
Which came from *Sidon* and faire *Lidia*?
Was this her wicked end? would that we were
A hundred leagues from this accursed place,
Or that we never had beheld her face. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scena quinta.

Enter Arsace and Cibile.

Ars. But will he not be wonne?

Cib. Not all the art
I have can worke him to it.

Ars. Doe my favours
Make no impression in him?

Cib. Yes of thankes,
No otherwise, he craves leave to depart,

A signe he doth not like his entertainment.

Arsa. Thou mak'st my hot blood cold within my vaines
As if an ague ceaz'd me; how depart,
Ere he get out my power, I am resolv'd
T'enjoy him, or destroy him.

Cib. A right course
Your wit hath found out mistris, my advise
Is this, that once more you sollicit him
By faire intreaty and perswasive meanes
To win him that way, but if he stand out
And stubbornly refuse to grant your suit,
Let him be ti'd unto cold fare hard lodging,
And give him up unto your Eunuches hands
To be scourg'd and tormented, for yong men
Regard not when they are intreated faire,
But when enforced, then they stoope and yield.

Arsa. Tis well advis'd, but how can I endure
To see that body bleed?

Cib. Madame you are
Too pitifull, if that an eye-sore be
To see him scourg'd, you may refraine the sight,
I know twill mollifie his haughty stomacke
To your desire.

Arsa. First try all meanes, before
You put this last devise in execution;
But *Cibile* what cause or colour have we
To hold them prisoners, or detaine them here
Against their wills?

Cib. We'l give it out, they came
As spies from King *Hydaspes* army hither,
To view the strength of *Memphis*.

Arsa. Excellent.
How shall we handle faire *Cariclea*
His beautious sister?

Cib. Sister, I believe
Shee is his mistris rather, for such dalliance
As I have seene betweene them argueth love
Of a more fervent nature; I have come,

And

And found them kissing with such ardency,
As if they faine would have their soules to meet,
And at their mouths salute.
Arsa. O strange discovery!
If this be true, hence may proceed the cause
Of my repulse and his unkind deniall;
Sift out this businesse further, and observe
Their lookes, their gestures, give an eare unto
Their privatest discourse, for this concernes
My businesse mainely; if *Cariclea* prove
A barre to my desires, we must remove her.
Goe presently and know the young mans mind,
If he will yield yet, but if he refuse,
Let *Euphrates* the Eunuch punish him
With yrons to pull downe his lofty heart.
So farre I'm gone, pursuing my desire,
Hell shall not make me now backe to retire. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scena sexta.

Enter two Iudges, then Aristippus and Cnemon.

Arist. Although I doe not doubt most learned Judges,
That your grave judgements would acquit my sonne
Without more proofes then by the sequele of
This businesse doth appeare, yet to the end
To make his innocence the more perspicuous
Which hath so long striv'd to breake through this cloud
Of falshood and deceit, I here have brought you
Thisbes confession, and her hand subscrib'd
For confirmation of it, please you see
What it containes. *the Iudges read it.*
1 *Iudg.* When did she write this?
Arist. Presently upon
Her poisonous draught, her conscience prompting her
Unto so good an action.
2 *Iudg.* Was't voluntarily done without constraint?
Arist. Yes, for what force hath power to worke upon
The setled resolution of a person
Whom death is ready for to seise upon?

It came free from her, the confeſſion was
Her owne invention, and the hand her owne.
1 *Iudg.* But will you ſweare to this?
Ariſtip. I will, and ſafely.
By all the gods tis true, elſe let me be
Strucke with their thunder for my perjury.
2 *Iudg.* It is ynough, we doe acquit your ſonne,
Long may he live the comfort of your age;
So now diſmiſſe the people, it is done.
Ariſt. Thus innocence ſhines cleerer then the ſun. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scena ſeptima.

Enter Arſace and Cibile.

Arſ. Now will he bend or breake, yeeld or endure
More puniſhment? how doe his fetters pleaſe him?
How doth he beare his ſtripes?
Cib. With patience
And manly fortitude beyond beliefe,
Takes glory in his ſufferings, and becomes
More unrelenting now then heretofore.
Arſ. What a ſtrange nature hath this ſavage man,
Will nothing worke upon it? cannot love
Perſwade him, nor the force of puniſhment
Compell him to humanity? ſome Tigreſſe
Or ſhe Wolfe in the foreſt was his nurſe.
Is there no hope he will relent in time?
Cib. Our labour's loſt in the attempting it,
He hath *Cariclea* ſtill before his eyes,
Lodgeth her in his heart, his mouth expreſs'd it;
I heard him to exclaime thus, deare *Cariclea*,
My love, my life, my heart, thy onely name
Makes me deſpiſe my torments, and in thee
I'm conforted what ever fall to me;
Whereby I'm confident ſhe is his wife,
Or ſecret miſtris, wherefore if you pleaſe,
Lets (as the proverbe ſaith) caſt our laſt anckor,
And ſeeke ſome meanes to rid her of her life,
For when he knows ſhe's dead, tis very likely

He'll

He'll change his minde, when hope of love is gone.
Arsace. Thy counsell pleaseth me, and i'le command
This stoppe to be removed presentlie.
Cibile. How, will you doe it without course of Law
Or orderlie proceeding, who will doe
In this pointe your commandment? for although
All things are subject to you, yet the laws
Are free, and will not let you kill without
The judgment of the Persian magistrates;
Besides we should be carefull how we did
Accuse the maid, least we should not be able
To prove what we doe lay unto her charge.
Arsa. How then shall we contrive it?
Cib. Daintily,
By a more sure and farre more safe a way,
By a strong subtle cuppe of deadlie poison,
The plot is layd alreadie, and the potion
Prepar'd, I stay but onely for the patient
T'administer it.
Arsa. Is any gone to call her?
Cib. Yes, Aura madame.
Arsa. Well i'le leave you then,
Strong physick's best for stubborn natur'd men. *Exit Arsace.*
Enter Cariclea, with Aura weeping, and servants.
Cib. Why doe you weep, sweet heart? twill mar your beauty,
Your brother shall not long be kept in prison;
Be not so foolish to consume and pine
Away for sorrow, know *Theagines*
This night shall be releas'd, and come unto thee,
Therefore be merry; twas his foolish fault
And disobedience to my mistris service
Made him to be committed; nicety
Is naught in yong folkes, but all is forgotten,
(Partly at my request) and liberty
Granted unto him, this was the occasion
I sent for you, that you might be partaker
Of this glad newes, therefore rouse up your selfe,
And now at length eate something; *Aura* lay

The table, I have made ſome meate, I hope
Will comfort your weake ſtomacke, ſure you are
Too blame to faſt ſo long.
Caric. But is this true
That you have told me? you ſo often have
Deceiv'd me with untruths as I ſcarce dare
To credit any thing you ſay unto me.
Cib. By all the gods tis true, which if it be not,
Let me be poiſon'd at this table heere
And be a ſad example; more this day
Your buſines all ſhall be diſpatch'd, ſo that
You ſhall not need to take more care heereafter,
If by refrayning from your meate you doe not
Deſtroy your health and die, pray eate a little.
Caric. On confidence that this is true I will.
they ſit downe and eate.
Cib. Aura give me ſome wine, *Cariclea* health
Remember good *Theagines.*
Aura miſtaks and gives the poiſon'd cupp to Cibile, ſhe drinks, but powres halfe of it on the ground when ſhe taſted what it was, looking cruellie upon Aura, the poiſon ſuddenlie workes and ſhe begins to fall, Cariclea ſupportes her.
Cib. I will not have thy helpe, falſe wretch, I will not
th'aſt poiſon'd me, beare witneſſe all heere preſent
That ſee me die, I lay my death on none
But her and this queane *Aura*, ſo informe
Arſace that ſhe may revenge my death. *ſhe dies.*
Caric. See heere the iuſtice of the heavens diſplaid
To mortall view in this ſtrange accident;
This cup, this poiſonous cup was meant to me
By wicked *Cibile*, but yet it fell
By ſome miſtake to her owne lot to drinke it.
Arſaces ſervants binde *Cariclea* and *Aura.*
What doe you meane to binde me a weake maid,
I'le goe without conſtraint where you will lead me
If't be before *Arſace*, though I die
I care not ſo *Theagenes* be by. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus quinti, Scena prima.

Enter Hydaspes and Syfimethres, with attendance.

Hydasp. Thus farre have we march'd by the bankes of *Nile*,
And conquer'd *Phila*, and the *Smaragd* mines,
Thus farre hath fortune favourd our attempts,
And sterne *Bellona* set our conquering feet
Deepe in the bosome of th' Egyptian Land;
Are we not now reveng'd *Syfimethres*
For thy uncivill barbarous entertainement,
When we imploy'd thee our Embassadour
To *Oroondates* Deputy of *Egypt*?
How thinke you, doe they not repent the wrongs
And disrespect they gave thee, contrary
Unto the lawes of Nations? doe they not
Wish that they had surrender'd to our Crowne
Those lands we justly challeng'd for our owne?

Syfim. I thinke they doe, and curse their arrogance
That hath brought home the warres unto their dores;
It cannot choose but vex their very soules
To see so fruitfull and so faire a soyle,
Their native Country, over-runne and spoyl'd
By the incursions of a hostile army.

Hydasp. Tis fit they suffer for their usurpation;
But where lurkes *Oroondates* since his flight
In our last battaile, no newes yet of him?

Syfim. Fame gives it out, he is within this towne
Of *Syene* with the remnant of his army.

Hydasp. Will not the Towne yet come to composition?
Will it hold out yet longer notwithstanding
Our water-workes to drowne them?

Syfim. Royall sir,
As soone as we had cut the banks of *Nile*
And let the river in upon the towne,
Th' inhabitants began to see and feele
Their misery, for suddenly the water
Encompassed faire *Syene* round about

That it became an Iland, and by sinking
Into the earth below the walls foundation,
The weight above beg in to shake as if
It would have fallen downe in every place;
Then suddenly arose a piteous cry
Amongst the people of the towne, imploring
The gods assistance, and the Deputy
It seemes by this extreamity constrained
First caused letters tyed to a stone
As messengers to be shot to our campe
Out of a sling, and archers from their bowes
Sent their swift winged arrows to speak for them,
But both fell short and perish'd in the water;
At last when we by signes perceiv'd their mindes,
As holding up their hands in token of
Submission, and sometimes behinde their backes,
In token they were ready to receive
Bandes so they might finde mercie, we sent out
Some bootes to talke with them, who brought us word
They would surrender to your royall hands
The towne of Syene if you would be pleas'd
To grant some poore conditions.

Hydasp. What are they?

Syfim. First Oroondates makes request that he
And all his souldiers without interruption
May march forth as best suiteth their profession,
With all their martiall habiliments
And armes about them, next to be convoy'd to
Elyphantina with your royall guard;
Else he would rather die then live to be
Condemned as a traitor to his king,
For yielding up the City and betraying
The armie, and besides be put to death
With rackes and tortures.

Hydasp. What a foole is he
To make his owne conditions, or to argue
Of such a matter? doth he not conceive
He is not in his owne power, but in ours,

To live or die, why what a madnes is it
For conquered men to argue of conditions?
But tis not noble to destroy a number
For one mans folly, goe *Syfimethres*,
Take heere our seale and signe their articles,
For pitty workes upon a noble spirit. *Exit Syfimethres.*
Hydasp. If I could entertaine ambitious sparkes
Within my royall breast, or never enter
Into examination with my selfe
Of right or wrong, (as many politicians
And proud usurpers doe not) what should let me
From adding this large kingdome to my owne,
Stretching my Empire to the mouth of *Nile*;
But iustice sets downe limits to my thoughts,
Boundes my ambition in, so that I dare not
Advance one foote beyond it, sacred goddesse,
Divine *Astrea*, though all kings rebell
And pay no reverence to thy deitie,
Hydaspes shall adore thee, and his might
shall never be more potent then his right. *Exit.*

Actus quinti, Scena secunda.

Enter the Persian magistrates as judges with Arsace, then enters Caricles with Aura bound, they sit.

1 *Magist.* Is this faire maid the prisoner?
Arsa. Faire without, but foule within.
2 *Magist.* Tis pitty vice should beare
A semblance of faire vertue, or be mask'd
Under so sweet a vaile,
Sure by her lookes
3 *Magist.* I should not judge her guiltie.
Arsa. That's a rule
Deceives us, for the choicest fruites of all
Ofttimes have rotten cores, and underneath
The fairest flowers lurke most the foulest snakes.
That cannot hold,
Bring forth the prisoners;
You are accus'd for poysoning *Cibile*,

How doe you anſwer this?

Caric. Who's my accuſer?

Arſa. My ſelfe, and theſe my ſervants, who were preſent
When the old woman dy'd, and heard her name
Thee, and that other guilty of her death;
Canſt thou deny the fact?

Caric. Ile anſwer thee
Proud dame, if my *Thyagines* live yet,
I ſay, I am not guilty of this murther,
But if by thy moſt damnable attempts
His purer ſoule hath left the earthly priſon
Of his faire body, I declare my ſelfe
Guilty of this and whatſoever elſe
Thy malice can invent, I was the woman
That poiſon'd then thy nurſe, who train'd thee up
To all thoſe goodly vertues of thy mind;
I doe deſire to ſuffer, kill me ſtraight
That I may meet my lover, who ſo ſtoutly
Reſiſted thy foule luſt, and lewd enticements,
Chooſing to die rather then condeſcend.

Arſa. Baſe queane, how durſt thou take unto thy ſelfe
Such liberty of ſpeech? judicious firs,
And magiſtrates of *Perſia*, underſtand
That this ſhe ſaith is falſe touching my honour;
I take the gods to witneſſe that when firſt
This woman and her friend came to the Palace,
I entertain'd them as became the ſtate
Of greater perſons, and ſo long continued
My favours to them till by open proofe
I found they came as ſpies to *Memphis* ſent
From King *Hydaſpes* army, then indeed
I did begin to draw backe my affection,
Many more things inciting me to doe it
Which I forbeare to ſpeake of, but in briefe
Although I lov'd this maid ſo as to make her
My boſom-friend, and my moſt deare companion,
She hath repaid me as you ſee, and poiſon'd
My truſty woman, is't not to be doubted

Her purpose stretch'd yet further, even to me?
Caric. I doe confesse yet once againe, I poison'd
Thy nurse, and would have done so much to thee
Had I not beene prevented.
Aura. O *Cariclea*,
Unhappy maid, why dost thou wrongfully
Accuse thy selfe, and draw on death upon thee?
Heare me right grave and most impartiall Judges,
There is no fault in her, I onely, I
Gave *Cibile* the poison by mistake,
Which was prepared for this vertuous mayd
By that old beldame, this is true, or else
Ye gods hurle downe your thunder on my head.
2 *Magi.* But how came this mistake? make it more plaine.
Aura. Old *Cibile* my mistris did prepare
This cup for faire *Cariclea*, I was forc'd
To have a hand in't too; when I should give
The poison'd cup unto *Cariclea*,
And *Cibile* the other, I know not
Whither being troubled with so strange a deed
Or hastily cal'd on by *Cibile*,
I chang'd the cups, and poison'd the old woman.
Arsa. This is a forg'd devise, believe it not,
This woman is a traitor, and conspires
With them in all their plots, as privie to them.
3. If she that cals herselfe *Cariclea*,
Be guiltlesse of this businesse, what should make her
To cast herselfe into the jawes of death
By her so free confession of the fact?
Aura. Sir I believe she's weary of her life,
And being in desperation e're to see
Much lesse t'enjoy her husband, without whom
Life seemes a burthen, hastens on her death.
1. Madame you must produce some witnesses,
Or we shall cleere the prisoners.
Arsa. Here are five
Will be depos'd they heard *Cibile* charge
These two here with her death.

2. What say you friends.
Dare you sweare this?
All 5. We dare and will, by *Isis*,
And all the gods tis so.
3. Then we must passe
Sentence according to the law, which most
Depends on witnesses, your doome is death,
Carry these two forthwith unto the fire,
Caric. O sunne, and earth, and all you blessed creatures
That are above or underneath this round
Terrestriall ball, you that doe take revenge
On such as worke impiety, beare witnesse
I die an innocent, and willingly
Submit my selfe to death, for to avoyd
Th' intollerable griefes that burthen me;
Vouchsafe to take me gently to your hands,
And speedily inflict your punishments
Upon this whore *Arsace*, who hath plotted
This mischiefe to no other end and purpose
But to take from me my *Theagines*. *Exeunt.*

Actus quinti, Scena tertia.

Enter Caricles solus, Nebulo listning.

Caric. *Cariclea* rap'd, O gods how can it be;
Where is your justice then? where our reward
For serving at your altars, when you suffer
Your sacred temples to be rob'd and spoyld
Of its chiefe jewell, and my life, *Cariclea*?
O sacriledge unheard of! can you sleepe
And winke at this? or is your anger to me
Implacable, and therefore to torment
My heart the more, you seeme not to regard it?
Was't not ynough, O cruell powers, to kill
My daughter at her Nuptiall, and my wife
For griefe thereof, but to augment my sorrow
Beyond the bounds of reason, give consent
Unto *Caricleas* rape, who was my joy,
My onely comfort, heart, yea life and all?

Well

Well I will once more put on pilgrimes weedes.

Nebu. Ha, what was that? a dreadfull sound me thought
More pilgrimages? stay but listen yet.

Caric. And goe in quest of thee throughout the world,
First to *Thessalia*, where that thiefe was borne
That stole thee hence, then unto *Memphis* City
Where *Calasiris* that false priest remaines.

Nebu. I am confirm'd in horror, tis too true
He'll travell once againe, but soft attend.

Caric. And if I finde thee not, ile travell further,
Even to the utmost bounds of *Æthiopia*,
Where I suppose thy parents live and raigne.

Nebu. To *Æthiopia*, what strange land is that
(I marvell) oh, oh now I doe remember
Sysimethres was borne there as he said; *Nebulo discovers himselfe.*
We shall be blacke as divels if we goe there.

Caric. What *Nebulo*, my trusty friend and servant,
Prepare thy selfe to accompany thy master.

Nebu. Where sir, unto the temple of *Apollo*?

Caric. Beyond the seas I meane.

Nebu. Beyond the seas; *aside.*
He's mad I thinke, or hath some worse disease.

Caric. I heare you sir, it seemes your growne a Poet
You rime so well.

Nebu. I care not who doth know it.

Caric. Raptures still flow upon thee more and more,

Nebu. But this bad newes of yours doth vex me sore,
That you will crosse the seas, the bare conceit,
Will keepe me seven daies without taste of meat.

Caric. Why that is profitable, saves thy purse.

Nebu. But hurts my body sir, and that is worse.

Caric. Why th'art a second *Ovid*, all he saies
Doth flow in verse.

Nebu. Then I shall weare the Bayes.

Caric. But *Nebulo* no more of this, you are content to accompany me this journey, are you not?

Nebu. Good sir, do not urge me to it; you know how willing I should be to wait upon ye, did not one thing crosse it.

Caric.

Caric. What's that thy wife?

Nebu. You have hit the marke, tis dangerous (I can tell yee) for me to goe abroad and leave her at home, I had woefull experience on't after our last peregrination.

Caric. What did she make thee a cuckould in thy absence?

Neb. I know not, but she dub'd me knight of the forked order.

Caric. Why that honour is for terme of thy Life man; thy staying at home cannot take it away, nor thy going abroad adde unto it.

Nebu. No, doe they not rise by degrees? I suppose yes, as in this manner, from Knight to Lord, from Lord to Earle, from Earle to Duke of the forked order, and so forward: but my ambition is not to climbe so high, therefore i'le stay at home and prevent that promotion.

Caric. fie, prevent thy honour?

Nebu. My *Nebulona* will heape ynough such honours on my head, If I follow your counsell, but I tell you againe I am not ambitious so to be promoted, yet notwithstanding, so well I love you, that rather then you shall goe alone, i'le once more adventure my fortune.

Caric. Spoken like a right honest man, come let's away then withall expedition.

Delphos and *Greece* farewell, your priests hard fate
Denyes him still t'enjoy a setled state. *Exeunt.*

Actus quinti, Scena quarta.

Enter Theagines, Cariclea, and Aura.

Theag. And hast thou scap'd the fire my dearest love?
Miraculous deliverance! let me heare
The manner on't related.

Caric. Thus it was,
After we were condemned to be burnt
By foule *Arsaces* slanderous report
For poisoning *Cibile*, a blazing fire
Was made, and we two cast into the same,
And whereas it was thought by everie one
The fiercenesse of the flame would soone consume us,
It prov'd cleane contrarie, for we stood in

The

The middst of it untouch'd, for every side
It gave us way, and never sing'd our cloaths,
Although *Arsace* with a threatning voice
Commanded the tormentors to lay on
More wood and reed, yet all prevailed not,
For no hurt would approach us, which the whore
Arsace seeing, presently declar'd
Before the people with an open voice
That we were witches; though good *Calasiris*
Did what he could to free us from her hands,
We by her guard were apprehended, and
Brought here againe to thee my deare, for which
I'm glad that we may suffer both together.

Theag. I have not heard a stranger miracle,
This doth proceed from favour of the gods,
And their unbounded justice. *Cario.* It should seeme so,
But still to be tost on the angry seas
Of rigid fortune and ne're see an end
Of our sad miseries, should rather argue
Their hate and fierce displeasure, if there be not
Some secret and more hidden mystery,
We mortals understand not, which restores us,
After our sufferings when all hope is fled,
Unto a happier state and peacefull being.

Theag. Oh sweet, let not the sence of misery,
Make you offend the gods then, but be patient.

Cario. Twas rightly spoken, and I doe repent it,
My deare *Theagines*; now I remember
A dreame I had last night, but had forgotten
Till now to tell it you, this was the verse.

By vertue of Pan we be let feare
of fire removed be:
An easie thing to Perseus,
though else right strange to see.

Theag. The gods are good to us, for I likewise
Am made a Poet by remembering now
An answer which last night some spirit gave me
Who seem'd to say this,

To morrow shalt thou with the maid
escape Arsaces hand,
And soone be brought with her into
the Æthiopian land.

Caric. That Oracle hath but a sad construction.
Which thus I dare interpret, *Æthiopia*
Is meant that land that is beneath the ground,
That with the maid is meant with *Proserpine*,
And the escaping of *Arsaces* hand
Doth signifie the soule and bodies parting.

Theag. Still how you are! calamity hath made you
Forget your selfe, and alwaies doubt the worst,
Turning all things to a sinister sense,
The Oracle is plaine, you are the maid
The gods do point at, whom I shall convey
Out of *Arsaces* power into your Land
Of *Æthiopia*, but how this shall be
Effected, unto us doth not appeare,
Yet it is credible the gods can do it,
We must leave that unto their secret workings.
Now what your verse should meane I cannot ghesse
Which doth containe so many contrarieties,
For *Pantarbe*, in its true signification
Is taken for all fearefull, yet it would not
Have you to fear, neither to run the fence of

Caric. I doe beleeve the gods have sent this ring
This ring present from heaven from forse of fire,
Wherein is set a pretious stone call'd Pantarbe,
And round about some holy letters written
My Fascia, if you doe remember well,
Did mention such a one among my jewels,
And to be briefe, I thinke that stone contained
Some heavenly vertue which withstandeth fire.

Theag. But then, how was't that *Anna* perish'd so?
She had no Pantarbe to defend her.

Caric. No
But I still held her always in my hand
Whereon my ring was.

Theag. This is probable;
But now what other Pancarbe have we left
To ſhun the next dales danger, for *Arſace*
Will not end here, but practiſe ſtill new miſchiefe.

Aura. Deſpaire not, but rely upon the proteſte
The gods made you laſt night.

Caric. Diſtreſſed *Aura*,
What wilt thou doe?

Aur. Runne on, in the ſame fortune
That you doe, be it life or be it death.

With that enters an Officer from the Campe of Orsoandes, to fetch Theagenes and Carletta.

Officer. Be not afraid, I come not to deſtroy you
As you ſuppoſe, but to deliver you
From hence; my Lord and Generall *Orsoandes*
Hath ſent me hither from the campe, to bring you
Unto him, for the fame of your rare beauty
And vertue in reſiſting his wifes lewdneſſe,
Hath wrought ſo much upon his diſpoſition
As he deſires your preſence, come with me,
Delay breeds danger, I have fifty horſe
Shall ſafe convoy us to the camp, the way
Is cleere.

Theag. Lead on then, we are bound to obey. *Exeunt.*

Actus quinti, Scena quinta.

Enter Arſace ſola.

Arſa. Ye ſterne Eumenides, and direfull powers
Of the infernall kingdomes, muſter all
Your troops together by a generall ſummon,
For I doe cite you to the court of hell,
My grievances beget this invocation;
Have I ſo long ſerv'd you, and bent my thoughts
To your low centre? have my actions beene
As lewd as you would wiſh them, and as blacke
As you your ſelves, and could you ſuffer me
To faile in this atchievement of my luſt?
So much your inſtigation? is this juſtice?

Justice that is a word not knowne in hell;
Is this injustice? no, then are you rebels
To your owne lawes, I doe insist on this:
What other doctrine preach your ministers
But foule injustice, rapes, impieties,
Adulteries, murthers, slaunders, ignominies,
False accusations and the like, all which
My life hath practis'd? yet ye punish me
With justice ne're till now heard in your courts:
You thought it just *Caricles* should escape
The poison'd cup, and afterward the fire,
You thought it just *Theagines* and she
Should scape my hands, and *Oroondates* know
All my proceedings; cursed fates of mine!
Wretched *Arsace*, wilt thou live and feele
Thy punishment augmented by thy shame?
Shall the lawes triumph o're *Arsaces* will?
Or *Oroondates* say he was reveng'd
Upon the high and royall blood of *Persia*
For wrong I did him? no, since I have fail'd
In my desire, these fates I will withstand,
And die by none but by this Persian hand.

She fals upon a sword, and kils her selfe.

Actus quinti, Scena ultima.

Enter Hydaspes, Persina his Queene, Sysimethres with attendance.

Hydasp. Persina welcome to our campe, how durst
Our faireſt Queene adventure forth to see
The angry face of *Mars*? this is no object
For Ladies eyes, dame *Venus* sport's more proper.

Pers. Where you are sir, there is my object fixt,
Whether at home or here, all's one to me,
Besides, where *Mars* is, there will *Venus* be.

Hydasp. This was a favour we expected not;
I must imbrace thee; O *Sysimethres*,
What is there wanting in the curious modell
Of this rare Architecture, built by nature,
That mortall or immortall eye can see

To

To adde more beautie to it then it hath?
Nothing, I know you'll grant it, then what pitty
Thinke you it is, so beautifull a frame
And building should containe within it's wombe
No living creature, no inhabitant
That might support it's ruines, but stand rather
For prospect then for benefit?
Pers. this pointes
At my unfruitfull wombe. *aside.*
Syfim. I graunt it sir,
But if the gods have order'd that this house
So statelie built by them, this temple rather
Shall be reserv'd for their immortall uses,
And have forbid that any mortall seed
Shall dwell therein: it argueth in you
Sinne and impietie so to repine
At their decrees and secret operations. *Enter a gentleman*
Gent. Sir the fore-riders of your royall army *attendant.*
Have tane two prisoners the most beautifull't
That ere were seene, a young man and a maid,
They waite without attending what's your pleasure.
Hydasp. Let them be brought forthwith into our presence,
They may be found a fitting sacrifice
And an oblation to be offered
Unto our gods for this our victorie,
Being the first fruites of the warres.
Enter Theagines, Cariclea, Arsa and Bogoas the officer of Oroondates lead in prisoners.
Yee gods *The king raiseth himselfe from his throne,*
Be mercifull unto me! *And sits downe againe in a studie.*
Syfim. What doth aile
Your royall majestie, that you remayne
In such a studious meditation?
Hydasp. I had a dreame last night *Syfimethres,*
That did present unto my fantasie
A beautious virgin, such as is this maid
Telling me that she was my naturall daughter:
But whence are you, and of what countrey borne?

Thoag. Great King, I am her brother, she my sister.
Both borne in *Greece.*
Hydas. O noble *Greece*, that still
Produceſt what is good, and at this time
Haſt given us ſuch faire offerings to preſent
Unto our gods; but O thou beautious maid,
Why doſt thou hold thy peace, and anſwereſt not
Unto my queſtion?
Caric. At the ſacred altars
Of the immortall gods (to whom we are
Reſerv'd for ſacrifices) you ſhall know
Me and my parents. *Perſ.* O ſir, what a mayd
Have you appointed to be ſacrific'd?
Ne're have mine eyes beheld a fairer creature;
With what a ſtout and anundaunted courage
Beares ſhe her fortune? I am mov'd with pity
At her ſo flowring age, O had my daughter
I bare unto you liv'd, ſhe would have beene
Almoſt as old as ſhe, I doe beſeech you
Spare her, and let her ſerve me at my table,
For I am prompted ſtrangely by my Genius
Unto commiſeration. *Hydaſ.* So am I,
Beyond imagination, but you know
The Law requires the firſt fruits of the warre
Should be the gods oblation, to the Sunne
Therefore we'll offer him, ſhe to the Moone,
The gods muſt be obey'd, the lawes fulfil'd.
They all offer to riſe, Caricles falls at the feet of Syſimethres.
Caric. Wiſe, grave, and learned ſir, be pleas'd to ſtay
A little longer, for I have a cauſe
Of conſequence to plead before the King
And Queene *Perſina*, which concernes them too
Aſwell as me, this matter doth require
A ſpeedy judgment, and I heare that you
Give ſentence on ſuch noble perſonager;
Therefore judge you this plea of life and death,
And know is is not juſt to offer me
Unto the gods.

Syſim. Vouchſafe to heare, moſt gracious Soveraigne,
This ſtrange appeale, and what this maid requireth.
Hydaſp. What judgement may this be? or what have I
To doe with her? by what meanes ſhould I come
Into her danger?
Syſim. Pleaſe you to attend,
She will declare it.
Hydaſ. But take heed that this
You doe, be no true judgment, but plaine wrong,
If I that am a King muſt ſtand to plead
My cauſe with any priſoner whatſoever.
Syſim. Juſtice and equity ner'e lookes into
The perſon, but the cauſe, and he ſpeeds beſt
That brings beſt reaſons.
Hydaſp. But the Law permits
You onely to determine controverſies
Betweene the King and ſubjects, not with ſtrangers.
Syſim. Wiſe and diſcreet men doe not meaſure things
By the appearance, but by equity.
Hydaſp. Well let her ſpeake, ſince good *Syſimethres*
Will have it ſo, but it is manifeſt,
She will ſay nothing to the purpoſe, but
Some forg'd deviſe to ſhun the ſtroke of death.
Caric. O Sunne, thou founder of my anceſtros
High pedegree, and all ye other gods,
Ye noble men that here are met together
Aſſiſt me in this place, and be a witneſſe
That what I ſay is true, and by firme proofes
It ſhall appeare; doe you command, O King,
Strangers or your owne ſubjects to be offer'd?
Hydaſp. Strangers.
Caric. Then it is fit and neceſſary,
You ſeeke out ſuch, I am no ſtranger borne,
But of this countrey, and your ſubject too.
Hydaſp. Thou lieſt.
Caric. You ſeeme to wonder at ſmall things,
But there are greater undiſcover'd yet,
I am not onely of this Country borne,

But

But of the royall blood.

Hydasp. This woman's mad,
Away I'le heare no more such lunacie.

Hydaspes turnes from her in anger.

Caric. My royall father, I beseech you know
Your onelie daughter and despise her not.

Hydasp. Sysimethres and grave *Gymnosophists*,
How long shall she abuse my patience?
This mayd's distracted, and the feare of death
Makes her speake any thing how false soever,
How bould and impudent; I know I had
Sometimes a daughter, but she dy'd assoone
As she was borne, this is a false impostor,
Wherefore away with her, and let's delay
The sacrifice no longer.

Caric. none shall dare
To take me hence, unlesse the judges please
So to command, for you are not to judge
In your owne cause although a King, but must
Be subject to the law aswell as others
Which priviledgeth you perchance to kill
Strangers, but neither this law, nor the law
Of nature doth allow you to destroy
Your naturall children, for the gods to day
Shall by a strange discoverie make you know
I am your daughter, though you now disclaime me.
All controversies in the law depend
One these two pointes especiallie, that is
Firme proofe by writings, and sure confirmation
By witnesses, both which I can produce
To prove I am your child, my witnesse shall not
Be common neither, but the judge himselfe,
And heer's a writing shall declare both mine
And your estate.

She gives the Fascia to the Queene, she knowes it and is amazed.

Hydasp. What meaneth this *Persine*, that thy blood
Thus comes and goes, and that thy countenance
Weares such an alteration? is there ought

Contayned in this writing troubleth thee?

Pers. O King, my Lord and husband, I have nothing
To say unto it, but take heed, and read it:
Your selfe, the same shall teach you well and truelie.

Hydaspes reads it, to the end, then giues it to Syfimet: and she reads.

Hydasp. *Persina* doe you owne this character
As your owne hand, and know the birth to be
Legitimate and true?

Pers. By Sunne and Moone I sweare it.

Hydasp. Although you tould me that my daughter dy'd,
I yet believe she was exposed forth
As heere is mention'd but who was the man
That tooke her up and carryed her to *Ægypt*,
How shall I know that he was taken with her,
Or this is she, or whether the exposed
Be dead or no, besides whether some man
When he hap'd to finde this might his good luck
Abuse, and make her play this famed part,
Mocking the great desire we have of issue
By the suborning of some changelinge and
Colouring the truth with this devised *Fascia*.
All these doubts must be cleer'd ere I believe.

Syfim. I can resolve you in the first, for I
Was he that tooke her up, and carried her
With me to *Ægypt*, when you sent me thither
Embassadour (you know we may not lye
Who are *Gymnosophists*) I know this Fascia,
Written with Æthiopian royall letters.
Therefore you need not doubt that it is forg'd.
Besides tis signed with *Persinas* hand;
But there are other tokens that I gave
To him that did receive you at my hands
Can you produce them?

Caric. Yes, loe heere they are *She shewes Sisimet: and the queene her jewels.*

Hydasp. What are they? doe you know them?

Pers. Yes with wonder.

Caric. These jewells were my mothers, but this ringe
Was yours, I thinke you know the Pantarbe well.

Hydasp. I doe and all the rest, but whether you
Came by them as my daughter, that I know not,
You might have got them by some other meanes,
For to omit all other needles questions,
Your colour's strange and the like never seene
In *Æthiopia.*

Sysim. She was also white
That I brought up, and with this virgins age
Doth correspond the terme of yeares when she
Was forth exposed being seventeene yeeres,
So old seemes this faire mayd.

Hydasp. Sysimethres
In my opinion you have show'd your selfe
An advocate in this cause, not a judge,
Beware least while you strive to cleere this doubt,
I may suspect *Persina* hath beene false,
For how ist possible that such a thing
Sould be in nature, we two being black
To have an issue white? this is against
All humane sence, and reason naturall.

Sysim. The Fascia tells you how this came to passe,
Persina in the act of generation
Contemplatively eying the faire picture
Of beautifull *Andromeda*, and firing
A strong imagination thereupon,
Conceived in her wombe the very figure
Of *Persens* Mistris when she was bound fast
Unto the roeke, and he redeem'd her thence,
For proofe let that same picture be presenced,
And then compare them, you shall finde the substance
And shadow nothing different but in life.

Enter a Gentleman attendant.

Gent. Sir there's a strange priest newlie come from *Greece*
Desires he may be heard touching this matter,
Who can informe you of the truth of thinges.

Hydasp. admit him streight. *Enter Caritles with the gentleman.*
Grave Sir can you declare
Ought of this matter, doe you know this mayd

And

And that young man?

Curic. I know them both great King;
That maid which shall be found to be your daughter
I nourish'd from a child; one of this country
Gave her to me in *Ægypt*, and with her
Rich costlie jewells, and a Fascia,
Wherein was written her high pedegree;
With her I went to *Greece* my native country,
And being priest unto *Apollo* there,
When I was busie in the rites and customes
Belonging to my office, This Thessalian,
Who vaunts himselfe borne of *Achilles* line,
Stole her from *Delphos*, and I understand
Pass'd many daungers with her; I forgive him
And crave you would bepleas'd to doe so too;
For since the gods by diverse signes and tokens
Have unto us revealld their sacred willes,
And made it plaine by strange discoveries,
Strive not to crosse their workings.

Curiclea falls at Curiclet feete.

Curic. O my Father,
As deare unto me as those that begat me;
Take what revenge you please, lo here I stand
T'abide your sentence.

Curic. O how largely am I *Embraceth her and weepes*
Rewarded for my travell! tis ynough. *for joy.*
I have beheld thy face yet once againe.

Syfan. What *Curiclet*, doe you not know your friend?
Have you forgot the Æthiopian Legat? *salutes him.*

Curic. No, no, I have not good *Syfanethres*,
But doe congratulate our happy meeting.

Hydasp. We have heard and seene ynough, I'm yet unmov'd;
Bring in the picture of *Andromeda*.

Enter the picture of Andromeda, the King for joy and admiration could not speake, the people give a great shout.

Syfan. One point is wanting yet, strip up your sleeve
Faire maid, there was a blacke spot 'bove your elbow.
It is no shame to shew a naked arme

Before your parents for to prove your birth.

She shewes there a mole, the Queene runs and embraceth her.

Hydasp. You strive to wash me white an Æthiopian
In hindering this sacrifice, you shall
Doe one aswell as tother, for although
I now believe she is my naturall daughter
Sprung from my loynes (as I have seene it prov'd
By many arguments) yet I so much
Feare justice and the gods, and owe such love
Unto my country, as i'le lay aside
All naturall respects, and all regard
To the succession of my blood, and offer
My daughter to the gods for your behoofe,
(As *Agamemnon* did his Iphigene)
Regarding more the publique benefit
Then my owne private profit and respect.

All the people. Save the blood-royall, save her whom the gods
Will have preserv'd, appease the Sunne and Moone
With a more lawfull sacrifice.

Hydasp. Well since
You'l have it so, though loath I am content;
And now I turne to thee my daughter deere
With a mesuls of my love; but what is he
That was tane with thee, whom you cal'd your brother?
I trow he shall not too be prov'd my sonne.

Caric. In that sir pardon me, I did abuse you,
He's not my brother, but necessity
Compell'd me to dissemble, what he is
Himselfe can boldly tell you.

Hydasp. Whatsoe're
He be, he's destin'd to be sacrificed,
Some women too must beare him company.
This mayd that writes on you shall serve the turn.

Caric. If he be sacrific'd, I'le be that woman,
Death must not part us two.

Hydasp. The gods forbid,
Why say you so?

Caric. Because tis fore-decreed

I must both live and die with that yong man.

Hydas. I praise your courtesie and gentle nature
Unto this Grecian stranger, who hath beene
Companion of your journey, but we cannot
Breake to the custome of our Country, as
To save his life.

Caric. Then I must perish with him,
For know, O king, (perchance I may not dare
To call you father) it is cruelty
To spare my body, and destroy my heart,
He is my heart, my love, my life, and all,
My husband by the destinies appointed,
And it is sinne t'oppose the gods decrees.

Hydas. What will you counsell me to doe herein,
Syfimethres and thou most reverend Priest,
I will be guided by your wisdomes wholly
In this affaire,

Syfim. Through the exercise of joy
The wisest men, oft-times we see are blinded,
For at the first, great King you might perceive
The gods lik'd not this sacrifice which was
Ordained, who have every way declar'd
Caricles your daughter, and brought hither
Out of the midst of *Greece* this reverend man,
Who brought her up, to fortifie your faith.
Moreover it is plaine by many signes
And secret revelations that the gods
Have fore-decreed this couple man and wife,
And to that end have freed them from so many
And imminent dangers, therefore let us suffer
These divine miracles to sinke into
Our understandings, and from this time forward
Doe sacrifices more acceptable
Unto the gods, who are not pleased with
Humane oblations, but the blood of beasts.

Hydas. Since things are thus appointed by the will
And pleasure of the gods, since this faire couple
Have beene preserv'd by fate from many dangers

By Land and Sea, and as should seeme reserv'd
For *Hymens* indignation, he no longer
Resist the will of heaven, heavens kind rule
And a most plenteous off-spring to succeed you.
This is our firme decree, which we'll confirme
By sacrifice, and worshipping the gods.
O Sunne and Moone, whose sacred deities
We most adore, since it is fitting our thus
By your decrees, that young *Theagines*
And faire *Caricles* are made man and wife,
Accept their offerings, and vouchsafe to take them
Into the order of your holy Priesthood.
Theagines, I doe resigne into thee
My office, be thou Priest unto the Sunne.
Weare this white Miter.

Takes his Miter and puts it

Perf. And *Caricles* thou
Weare this of mine, which consecrateth thee
Priest of the Moone, adore her Deity.

Theagines his head.

Carie. Now is the god *Apollos* Oracle
Of *Delphos* verified, which told of them
That leaving *Greece* and sailing [illegible] streames
They should arrive at *Chemis* [illegible] scorch'd with *Phebus* beames
Where they at recompence of that vertuous paine
In time to come are to be [illegible] whose Miters should obtaine.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

THat which Hierom ſaid was his condition in publiſhing of ſome of his labours, do I now expect to fall upon me, i.e. plurimorum morſibus patere, to lie open to many cenſures; I have ever thought my ſelf below Envy, which being the daughter of Pride (as S. Ambroſe ſaid) will not abaſe her ſelf to look on ſo ſmall a thing as me: yet becauſe (as S. Chryſoſtome hath obſerved) there are ſome men (like Carrion Crows, that flie over fair Meadows and ſit on Ferns; and like Flies, which paſſe by ſound fleſh, and ſeaze on Ulcers) flie over and paſſe by mens better parts, and feed upon their Imperfections: I do therefore implore thy favour in reading theſe papers, that what Accidentall defects or Errata thou findeſt therein, thou would'ſt reform with thy Pen, that the Carrion Crows and corrupt Flies may not find whereon to fall: If there be any erroneous matter, thereof inform me, and I ſhall retract it; for though I may erre, yet I will not be an Heretick; if any thing thou findeſt good, that aſcribe to the Father of Lights, to whoſe glory alone all profit I devote my ſelf, craving no retribution but thy prayers for me, that whileſt I preach to others, I my ſelf may not be a Caſtaway, ſo ſhall I be

Ever thine in Chriſt Jeſus, F. B.